

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The good Lord gave, the Lord has
taken from me,
Blessed be His name, His holy will
be done.

The mourners all have gone, all save I,
his mother,
The little grave lies lonely in the sun.

Nay! I would not follow, though they
did beseech me,
For the angels come now waiting
for my dead.

Heaven's door is open, so my whispers
soar there,
While the gentle angels lift him from
his bed.

Oh Lord, when Thou gavest he was
weak and helpless,
Could not rise nor wander from my
shielding arm;

Lovely is he now and strong with four
sweet summers,
Laughing, running, tumbling, hard
to keep from harm.

If some tender mother, whose babe on
earth is living,
Takes his little hand to guide his
stranger feet

'Mid the countless hosts that cross the
floor of heaven,
Thou wilt not reprove her for Thy
pity sweet.

If upon her breast she holds his baby
beauty,
All his golden hair will fall about her
hand,
Laughing let her fingers pull it into
ringlets—
Long and lovely ringlets. She will
understand.

Willful are his ways and full of merry
mischief;

If he prove unruly, lay the blame on
me.

Never did I chide him for his noise or
riot,

Smiled upon his folly, glad his joy
to see.

Each eve shall I come beside his bed so
lowly;

"Hush-a-by, my baby," softly shall I
sing,

So, if he be frightened, full of sleep and
anger,

The song he loved shall reach him
and sure comfort bring.

Lord, if in my praying, Thou shouldst
hear me weeping,

Ever was I wayward, always full of
tears,

Take no heed of this grief. Sweet the
gift Thou gavest

All the cherished treasure of those
golden years.

Do not, therefore, hold me to Thy will
ungrateful:

Soon I shall stand upright, smiling,
strong, and brave,

With a son in heaven the sad earth for-
getting,

But 'tis lonely yet, Lord, by the lit-
tle grave.

Oh, 'tis lonely, lonely, by the little
grave!

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Nation.

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

Life is a night all dark and wild.

Yet still stars shine:

This moment is a star, my child—

Your star and mine.

Life is a desert dry and drear,

Undewed, unblest;

This hour is an oasis, dear;

Here let us rest.

Life is a sea of windy gray,

Cold, fierce, and free:

An isle enchanted is to-day

For you and me.

Forget night, sea, and desert: take

The gift supreme,

And, of life's brief relenting, make

A deathless dream.

E. N.

The Westminster Gazette.

REFORM OR REVOLUTION?

The first session of the new Parliament was opened on the 6th of February, and meagre as the King's speech might appear to be, its very brevity only brought into stronger relief the one object to which it was practically devoted. If we do not indulge in any conventional expressions of alarm or indignation at the prospect which lies before us, it is not because they would be inadequate, but because they would be superfluous. In the midst of a common calamity or a common peril, men do not indulge in loud lamentations. We must take the first paragraph of the speech as it now stands, with the Parliament Bill in our hands, and consider what it means, if passed into law in its present shape, which we are bound to suppose is what its authors intend. It may turn out that this is not so, and that the Bill may ultimately be more or less modified. But what we have to deal with at the present moment is the precise measure which the speech from the Throne invites us to accept. That is our first concern. On a later page we may consider what the chances are that the Government may be willing to take something less.

We are told in the speech that a measure will be proposed for "settling the relations between the two Houses, and securing the more effective working of the Constitution." But these relations have been settled for centuries; and the Parliament Bill, so far from securing the effective working of the Constitution, entirely ignores the foundation on which it is based. The language used in the speech from the Throne requires us to believe that the British Constitution is not Government by the three estates of the Realm, as it has existed for eight hundred years, but something else which has never

existed at all. The Reform Bill of 1832 was really an amendment of the Constitution, repairing the machinery as we clean the works of a watch, but leaving its springs and wheels untouched. As the removal of any essential organ stops the watch, so the removal of the Veto manifestly stops the Constitution. The Parliament Bill is no amendment. To call it by that name is an absurdity.

Yet the fallacy invoked in this use of the word Constitution will no doubt be played for all it is worth in the coming struggle, in hopes of disguising the real nature of the transaction embodied in the Government Bill. The Government say that they must fix the power of the House of Lords before reconstructing it. The Opposition answer is, "No; we must see the whole scheme at once." In the Reform Bill of 1884 Mr. Gladstone wanted to separate the Extension of the Franchise from the Redistribution of Seats, and to take the former first. "No," said the Opposition; "that would leave the redistribution of seats entirely at your mercy. We must see the whole scheme at once." So now, too, if the Government abolish the Veto before the House of Lords is reconstructed, they can impose any reform they like on the Upper Chamber—or, if they like it better, none at all. They hold out some kind of shadowy suggestion that, at some remote period, the Veto may be restored. Now what does this really mean? It means this: The Veto is to be suspended—the gate is to be opened—for Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Payment of Members, and a whole string of revolutionary measures to pass through; and when that is done—the gate may possibly be closed again. Not that it ever would be. But suppose that it was—it would be

only shutting the stable door when the horse was stolen. During "the interregnum," as Mr. Balfour called it, so created, all these burning questions are to be settled. With an Upper Chamber that is neither one thing nor the other—without either the constitutional power of the old system or the moral authority of the new—this sweeping *bouleversement* is to be carried out virtually by the will of the House of Commons alone.

It is very well for Mr. Asquith to say that he is all for a Second Chamber. But while this revolution is in progress, we shall have no Second Chamber. The whole programme will be carried out by what is practically a single-chamber Government. The extent to which Ministers are bent on misrepresenting the true nature of the question is shown by the constant assertions that the proposals of the Opposition are far more revolutionary than their own. The difference between the two is what we have already pointed out. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Rosebery would really amend the Constitution; the Government would dismember it. The Constitution can never be again what it has been from its birth after the check upon the Lower House, exercised so long with so much wisdom and moderation, has been taken away. That operation must necessarily be its death-blow. And now we are told that this is less revolutionary than changes in its composition. Whatever the abolition of the Veto may be in the abstract, to call it a constitutional amendment is pure nonsense.

The final cause of a Second Chamber is the necessity for arresting hurried and partial legislation, so as to give the nation a chance of speaking their mind thereon before it becomes law. A Second Chamber deprived of the power of doing so is a *roi fainéant*; nor would its evils, as has been pointed

out before, be purely negative. As with many other shams, a positive danger lurks within it, the danger, namely, of its being mistaken for a reality, leading people to believe that they still have the same protection as before against snap majorities which do not really represent the matured opinion of the nation.

How much more is this reflection forced upon us when we consider that it is not even an English or a British faction which has seized the reins of power. The British Constitution is being overthrown by an organized gang of foreigners, the implacable enemies of this country, to whom, to their eternal shame, the Liberals and Radicals have sold themselves. This bitter truth is as clear as daylight to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Unhappily, a very large number of the British electorate at the present moment possess neither. The "political mystification" which, according to Lord Beaconsfield, the Whigs practised so successfully in the eighteenth century, has continued down to our own times. "The artful orators" and "the bewildering phrases" which secured the ascendancy of Whiggism have done quite as much to secure the ascendancy of Liberalism, which, in spite of brief Conservative interludes, has prevailed more or less for the last eighty years. And even now it has succeeded in blinding a large class of the electorate to the infamy which they are patiently enduring in allowing American Fenians to dictate the policy of the British Government, and their accomplices in England to reap the reward of their compliance in a prolonged term of official power.

Mr. Ian Malcolm's amendment, moved on the 15th of February, brought this special point to the front. The speeches of that night promised to be the most interesting that have been listened to in the course of the debate

on the Addresses. But the House and the public were disappointed. Mr. Asquith refused to give any further explanation of his Home Rule policy than what he had already given, and the "Daily News" asked "Why should he?" Perhaps we shall get a little nearer the Both Mr. Ian Malcolm and Lord Hugh truth if we ask "Why shouldn't he?" Cecil complained that he had said little or nothing to help the British public to understand what the Government really means. The question is, Does he want them to understand it? In the apathetic mood in which the people of this country seem at present wrapped, we may well ask, Do they care to understand it themselves? But to waive that point, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are doubtless aware that this frame of mind may not endure for ever, and that when the country awakes from it, it may be expedient for them to know as little about the matter as they do now. Home Rule is a Protean monster, and may assume any one of half a dozen different shapes. To keep it in the background, and give the people no time to analyze its machinery, or ponder on its probable results, is clearly the Government game. And in the meantime we are expected to be satisfied with Mr. Redmond's assurance that it will do no harm—there shall be no religious persecution. The Ulster Protestants are told that not a hair of their heads shall be touched. So Charles the First assured Strafford. But Strafford lost his head soon afterwards. The Home Rule demand in Ireland is not merely a political movement. Rightly understood, it is still more an ecclesiastical movement. Remember Lord Beaconsfield's words *apropos* of the Irish Church—"Through all the strife of discordant factions moves the steady purpose of one Power." If people suppose that Rome has given up all idea of making Ireland a Roman Catholic country,

they are much mistaken. The Roman Catholic priesthood are secretly working for the same object. Home Rule will give them their chance. In an Irish Parliament the Roman Catholics would have a powerful majority. Why shouldn't they use it for their own purposes? The Protestant communities of Ireland certainly come under the head of "Irish affairs." As we have already said, and as Lord H. Cecil repeated, the abolition of the Veto would enable the Government to force any measure they pleased down the throats of both Ireland and Great Britain. Home Rule, threatening Irish Protestantism with spoliation or destruction, would, we say again, as Mr. Ian Malcolm said in the debate, be the work of a single-chamber Government.

What the Government may be willing to do in the last resort we shall scarcely know till that situation is reached. They would not be expected to show any signs of wavering on the first reading. The Home Rulers and the disestablishment party have recognized the necessity of allowing their demands to be postponed till the House of Lords question is settled, because they know that they cannot get what they want while the Veto is still in force. What they would do if they saw any signs of flinching on the part of the Government it is easy to guess. The situation may have changed before the bill reaches the Committee stage, or even before the second reading, but we do not expect to know the final resolution of the Government very much sooner. They will push the bill at first with the utmost vigor, and then, if met by the Opposition with firmness and frankness, and with a popular Reform Bill of their own to lay before the people, it is quite possible they may signal for a compromise. At all events, it is clearly the policy of the Unionists to go boldly forward to meet changes which they cannot pre-

vent, to show themselves masters of the question, and to make it, if possible, their own.

Such was the aspect in which the approaching contest presented itself when, on the 21st of last month, Mr. Asquith introduced the bill. As we have already predicted, the Prime Minister at this early stage of the struggle spoke with great confidence and courage, and showed no signs of any disposition on the part of the Government to modify the bill, or to meet the Opposition in a conciliatory spirit. He accepted the anomalous position in which Parliament would be placed by the "interregnum"—the interval, that is, —nobody knows how long a one,—between the abolition of the Veto and the reconstruction of the House. He repeated, in short, only what he has said all along of the check on Radical legislation exercised by the House of Lords, which he declared to be intolerable. His sorry attempt to show that when the House of Lords rejects measures passed by the House of Commons we are living under single-chamber government, is hardly worthy even of the name of sophistry. It is too transparent, and draws no distinction between positive and negative action. The rejection of a measure which may be brought up again at any time is one thing; the forcible carriage of one *not* to be repealed for a considerable period, if ever, is quite another. The latter is really single-chamber government; the former is only the legitimate exercise of the revising powers which properly belong to a Second Chamber.

But Mr. Asquith gave himself away completely when he charged the House of Lords with having committed suicide when they rejected the Budget, while introducing a bill at the very same moment which proves that they were quite right. The refusal of a tacking bill by the House of Lords re-

quires no other justification than the introduction of a bill by the Government to make tacking illegal. Mr. Balfour replied to him, as he has often replied to him before, pointing out the gaps in his argument and the objections which have never yet been answered, and which, being unanswerable, are quietly ignored. Sir Robert Finlay showed with great acuteness how the provisions of the Parliament Bill must necessarily work in practice, and how, while aiming at exalting the power of the Commons, they would at the same time entail great humiliation on them, making them, in fact, "absolutely ridiculous." The House of Commons may "suggest" amendments to the bill in the second or third session, for the consideration of the House of Lords. These are not to be inserted in the bill unless the House of Lords accept them; but they would show that the Commons thought the bill in some respects a faulty one. The House of Lords, believing it to be vicious in principle, would reject these amendments, and thus a bill would become law which both Houses had condemned.

We are glad to see that Mr. Balfour protests against the doctrine that both political parties ought to be equally represented in the House of Lords. If the Second Chamber is to be a revising chamber, it is against bold, violent, or unconstitutional changes that it is to exercise this function. These, of course, will be sent up by the Radical party in the House of Commons. But if there is to be an equally strong Radical party in the House of Lords, how is the work of revision to be carried out? We ourselves, only last August, as well as on several previous occasions, called attention to this same absurdity. And it is well that it should be properly exposed, and put to shame by the leader of the Opposition.

But, after all, the central point of interest in Mr. Balfour's speech is his

emphatic declaration against compromise. He would do a great deal, he said, to help forward a peaceable accommodation of this quarrel. "But there are some gains for which too great a price may be paid." "Much as I desire peace, anxious as I am to ensue it, gladly as I would do much in the way of compromise, there are some issues so great that no compromise is possible." And he concluded a speech well worthy of the great position which he occupies in these decisive words:—

If you are going to use the desire of this country to have some change in the relations between the two Houses as an instrument for getting something they do not desire, we on this side will have no part or lot in your plan, and we should think ourselves disgraced for ever if we gave it our support.

Mr. Balfour fully recognizes the gravity of the existing situation. "Does any man," he asked, "who has any power of reading the signs of the times, look forward with anything but deep anxiety, as I do, to the course of the struggle, or debate, which has begun to-day?" To judge from what he said in another part of his speech, he is not here referring so much to the ultimate result as to what we may have to go through before the end is reached. Undoubtedly, if the conflict is to be fought out to the bitter end, it may become an affair of campaigns. For this is one of those contests in which the vanquished party is not bound to know anything about finality of the Unionists to power would be the ity. Suppose the Parliament Bill to be carried in its present shape, the return signal for repealing it. If Home Rule were ever carried, then even if the Nationalist members retained their seats in the British Parliament, they would have no particular reason for supporting a Radical Government, or playing the game of Socialists and

Secularists whose principles they dislike. Thus the turn of the Unionists and Conservatives is sure to come round again, and then the fight would be renewed. We may firmly believe that the constitutional cause will triumph in the end, and yet anticipate with much anxiety the varying fortunes of the struggle which is likely to precede it.

To prevent, if possible, so disastrous a period of prolonged strife, with all its demoralizing effects, is what most men capable of estimating its mischief would, like Mr. Balfour, do much to prevent. Various schemes have been devised for satisfying the legitimate demand for reform without sacrificing the House of Lords, now our sole protectors against the threatened revolution. What the House of Lords has to do is to draw up such a scheme of reform as shall satisfy the nation that the Veto shall only be exercised with due regard to popular rights. This is the task now before them; and though difficult, it is, we hope, not impossible. At all events, it is the only way by which we can hope to repel an attack which, if successful, would swamp all those political and social principles, all those immemorial traditions and prescriptions, to which we owe mainly both the character of the British people and the greatness of the British Empire.

In the first place, then, the Unionist party, both in the Lords and Commons, must speak with no uncertain voice. Recognizing that one of those occasions has arisen when changes are required in the structure of national institutions, let them unhesitatingly proclaim their determination to lead the party of constitutional reform against those who, in the name of reform, would destroy the Constitution itself, standing as it does between themselves and their most cherished objects. There are three great prin-

ciples which are now openly threatened—sanctity of family life, security of property, and freedom of industry. A strong Second Chamber with the right of Veto is their only safeguard, and the Unionist party must lose no time in showing how they would construct it. On this point there can, as Mr. Balfour says, be no compromise. The Lords must hurry on their own Reform Bill, and have it in their hands to show before they throw out the Parliament Bill. Lord Lansdowne has already given notice of his intention to introduce such a measure at an early date; and though we do not much believe in any case in the creation of 500 new Peers to force the Bill through, what would make such an outrage still more doubtful would be the production before the public of a well-considered and thoroughly popular Reform Bill, the work of the Lords themselves.

And what we must never forget is this, that there are two parties in the House of Commons whom no reform will satisfy; whose hostility to the Second Chamber no changes could disarm. Apart from the fact that no reconstruction retaining the Veto could possibly be accepted by them, the Irish party have little interest in the character or construction of the House of Lords. A bill which abolished the Veto, while deferring the question of reform to the Greek calends, leaving the House of Lords a log upon the waters, would be agreed to by the Nationalists just as readily as any other bill. The Radicals don't want a Second Chamber at all. It is useless therefore, we fear, for the Unionist party to attempt to conciliate either of these two opponents. They must appeal rather to the great body of moderate Liberals throughout the country, who are not of course without their representatives in the House of Commons and the Cabinet, but who are powerless, as far as we can see at

present, to give effect in action to what they really believe in their hearts, or else are spellbound by old associations and shibboleths. All alike should be brought to see that they cannot serve two masters. If they stand by the Constitution they must throw over Home Rule. If they stand by Home Rule they must throw over the Constitution. Their conduct at the present crisis will be a test of their sincerity. They have always posed as champions of the Constitution, and the British people have taken them at their own valuation. We shall continue to believe that there are enough of such men still left within the bounds of Great Britain to break the wand of the enchanter, and burst through the spell which Radical sorceries have laid upon them. This is how such men acted a quarter of a century ago, and it is to these we say that the Unionists must address themselves. It is to their common-sense, political traditions, and constitutional loyalty that the House of Lords must adjust whatever measure they may frame for the reconstruction of the present Chambers.

It is agreed on all hands that the new House is to be largely leavened with an elective element. But there are many different ways by which that object might be effected. One which is regarded favorably by the Radicals, if the total destruction of the Second Chamber cannot be compassed, is that the House of Lords should be greatly reduced in numbers, and that in any critical emergency they should sit jointly with the Commons, thus giving the decision arrived at the sanction of an elective assembly. This is a solution of the problem which must be approached very warily; for a very brief calculation is sufficient to show us that the reduction in the number of the peers below a certain point would make a Conservative majority in a House of

Commons like the present one impossible. A joint sitting under these conditions would be a mockery. Should the suggestion of a joint sitting ever come to be seriously considered, Unionists must take care that they are not caught napping. Say the House of Lords was reduced to 200—and this has been proposed,—probably at least one-fourth of them would be Liberals, in which case the Ministerial party would still have a clear majority. This is a contingency against which the Unionist reformers must be on their guard. That is all. There might be liberty and fraternity in such an arrangement, but there would be very little equality.

The suggestion that Peers should be elected by members of the House of Commons is scarcely worth consideration. We should only have the House of Commons over again. What we want in the first place in the election of a Second Chamber is to get rid, if possible, of all sectional local, or provincial interests. The Chamber should be formed on as broad a basis as possible. And members should be chosen by constituencies too large to be affected by the usual party machinery which plays so large a part in the election of members of the House of Commons. In a word, our new senators must not be delegates. That is a *sine quâ non*. When Sir James Graham, "in his stately cynicism," adjured the House of Commons to rise out of "the region of *nisi prius*," he was unconsciously paying tribute to the qualities which we must all desire to see prevailing in the deliberations of a great Senate.

Lord Curzon's proposal is an Upper Chamber consisting of three hundred members—one hundred to be chosen by the Peers themselves from among the Peers; fifty to be men who had held high office or "acquired renown" in the service of the State; fifty to be nomi-

inated by the Crown on the recommendation of the Prime Minister; and one hundred to be elected by municipal bodies, such as County Councils, Borough Councils, &c., these to be grouped together where, singly, they would not represent a sufficiently large population. Lord Curzon would like to see a Peer representing a county or some great centre of population. A man would be proud of saying that he was Peer for Yorkshire or Peer for Liverpool. The defect of this plan is that it lacks simplicity. There are Unionists who would agree with Lord Crewe that a "tessellated" House would not be popular. The reader may remember that, in 1858, Mr. Disraeli proposed some such plan for the election of his Indian Council. But it did not meet with public approval, and had to be withdrawn. This scheme, however, is not to be dismissed lightly. Lord Curzon, who backs it, is an authority of great weight. That one hundred members of the Upper Chamber should be Peers chosen by the Peers themselves is a provision by which the constitutional claims of the aristocracy would be recognized, and a principle maintained which it might be hazardous to part with altogether.

On the other hand, a suggestion which finds favor in important quarters is that the House of Lords should be entirely elective—the members to be chosen by proportional representation from large areas with populations of, perhaps, a million or more. It is thought that great Peers and distinguished men generally would be sure to be chosen. These spacious constituencies could not be canvassed, it is said, from house to house by one man; nor could obscure individuals conduct a Mid-Lothian campaign or the famous Northern peregrination of Mr. Bright in 1858. It takes men of great eminence to do that kind of thing. It is asserted that great Peers like the late

Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Londonderry, &c., would be sure of their election; and that men belonging to the same station in life would be generally chosen, were the question raised above the atmosphere of pure party politics, and freed from the machinations of the local Tadpoles and Tapers. It is alleged, however, that for the success of this plan it is essential that the whole House should be chosen by popular election. Were a certain number to be elected by the Peers themselves, and take their seats in virtue of their hereditary right, the Peer who presented himself for election to a large constituency would be told to "Get along!"—that his proper constituents were his brother-Peers, and that his place was elsewhere.

This particular plan has some support among the Unionists who count much on the hold which the aristocracy still possesses on the English nation, and no doubt when a Peer, dissociated from the idea of a privileged class, sought their votes on terms of equality with themselves, the people might experience the force of those social instincts which undoubtedly still survive among them more strongly than perhaps they do at present. Were the scheme to be adopted and these anticipations to be realized, we should unquestionably have a Second Chamber of superlative excellence, and one for the sake of which we might be justified in trying the experiment. But it would certainly be a bold one. If the new system failed, we could hardly go back to the old one. We believe, indeed, that the British aristocracy is still popular with the country; that its great national services still linger in the memory of the people; and that its gracious influence and generous sympathies, its efficient and gratuitous dis-

charge of great public duties, and the wise and liberal spirit which it displays in the administration of the large properties which still belong to it, are fully appreciated by millions. But there is now among us what until lately was unknown in this country, an organized combination for counteracting that influence, and for representing the character and conduct of the aristocracy as exactly the reverse of what the people for many generations, trusting to their own experience and the traditions of their fathers, have believed it to be. It is difficult to gauge the extent to which lying tongues have undermined this ancient faith. But that they have not been without their effect is pretty certain; and any scheme for the reform of the House of Lords, depending on its survival, however excellent in itself, must be very carefully considered before it is finally adopted.

We doubt, moreover, whether it would be quite so easy to prevent the intrusion into these same large areas of the sectional influences and prejudices which operate in smaller ones. Could any constituency be so large but that Tadpole and Taper could worm their way into it. For these gentlemen are to be found in both parties alike. Could any county or borough council be found capable of selecting a candidate without any regard to local interests or prejudices? Could the widest possible extent of electoral areas do anything to lower the influence of the Trades Unions?

Mr. Balfour says that in no great country has a purely elective Upper Chamber been found consistent with the predominance of the Lower. He referred to France and the United States in support of this assertion. The Second Chamber in Australia is mainly a Labor Chamber, which would be hardly likely to answer the purpose for which we desire one in England.

The great body of the English people, who are but imperfectly represented in the present Parliament, call on the Unionist party to save their ancient heritage from the hand of the destroyer. This can never be done by a policy of hesitation or vacillation. We must have no "waverers" in our ranks. As was said of the Whig Ministers in 1832, they might have made terms with a resolute foe: they trampled on a hesitating opponent. The present Cabinet might recoil from coming to extremities with a determined and united Opposition having a much larger body of public opinion at their

Blackwood's Magazine.

back than their mere numbers represent. At all events, that is the only game to play. Its failure could bring no worse consequences than a policy of cowardice and concession must inevitably bring with it. Let the Unionists wait till the Lords have matured their own scheme of reform, and then appeal to the people to support their constitutional authority. We firmly believe that this appeal would not be in vain. But if it was, let the defenders of that "Old England," which would then be lost to us for ever, fall with their faces to the foe.

THE GENIUS OF MR. THACKERAY.

The centenary of Mr. Thackeray is an appropriate occasion for a declaration of faith. Not that there has been any substantial heresy, but of late the curious may have noticed a persistent campaign of depreciation among the minor critics. All Grub Street would seem to have formed a bearing trust. No one would wish to be hard on them. After all, critics have to live. To live they must write and if, as we are told, people do not read Mr. Thackeray's works they have always been ready to read about them. One generation had exhausted the language of appreciation. The next ready with sharpened quills waited only for inspiration. Unfortunately, it requires some literary craft to make an old story readable and inspiration halted. Then some glow-worm of Grub Street discovered Mr. Thackeray was a sentimentalist and ink ran almost in a spate.

We all know the unpardonable sin in literature is sentiment. You may be obscene, dull, even historical, and be respected and possibly read, but venture sentiment and you are damned, unless indeed, you happen to be a

Scotchman. It is as if a host were nowadays to offer his guests sweet champagne—and so Mr. Thackeray's fame is cast to the jackals. It is a little hard for an author to be resented in one age as a cynic, only to be rejected in the next as a sentimentalist.

We all remember how Harriet Martineau professed to be unable to read *Vanity Fair* "from the disgust it occasions." Even Anthony Trollope, a sincere admirer was of opinion "he was too thoroughly saturated with the aspect of the evil side of things." In those Victorian days even the elect confused subject and treatment. But has not the modern attack on sentiment been a trifle overdone? Your novel should deal with life and everything which makes life tolerable is based on sentiment. True sentiment is the equity of thought and sentiment need not necessarily be false. The moderns are like the temperance fanatics who see no distinction between a reputed pint and an orgy.

Now Mr. Thackeray's sentiment was never false. Of all those kindly touches giving that intimate charm to

the green volumes, there is not one that after all the years does not ring true. But he wrote decently and like a gentleman, and what is more unpardonable, with a sense of his responsibility as a power for good or evil. The odd thing is, that when authors were a race apart and mostly of a Bohemian habit, the tone and principles of their output would have been acceptable to Miss Pinkerton's Academy. Now Bohemia has disappeared. The modern *Pall Mall Gazette* is not edited from Holloway nor do distinguished authors drink brandy and water in cider cellars. So the writer has to seek relief from his blameless suburb in a riot of print recalling the "daring essay in defence of suicide" by Pendennis's contemporary at Oxbridge. One has less sympathy with those who ought to know better.

Only the other day, Mr. Bernard Shaw said, in his courteous way, Thackeray was a fool. Mr. Shaw's position is of course a difficult one; he is a genius and a genius in an age of stress and hustle. It would be unreasonable to expect him to rely for recognition on some entertaining, if rather inhuman, plays. Insistent genius demands more immediate attention, and to insult one of the greatest figures in English literature certainly achieves it. Mr. Bernard Shaw, however, would have been wiser if he had not given his reasons. There were two—one, that Mr. Thackeray would not have liked Mr. Bernard Shaw (which seems hardly conclusive); the other, that Mr. Thackeray sympathized with his weak characters whereas Dickens did not. One does not quite follow why sympathy is not for the weak, but to cite Dickens in such case is merely to talk nonsense. When one thinks of Tom Pinch, Little Nell and her grandfather, poor Smike and the meekness of Oliver, the falseness of the point is apparent. Then Mr. George Moore does not like Thackeray; he says, the

public were bullied into admiration by the *Book of Snobs*. When we remember Thackeray's famous definition of the type, why the *Book of Snobs* does not appeal to the author of *My Dead Life* is intelligible. Then he complains about Becky Sharp—"Fancy writing the history of Becky Sharp and not discussing whether she had a temperament or not"—whereas the key to Becky's character is that she is a cold-blooded, good-natured woman, swayed by no feeling except self-interest.

Even that charming writer Mr. Street who, by the way, would not be nearly so charming if he had not read Mr. Thackeray, affects to find him "Parochial." It is almost incredible that an author of Mr. Street's distinction should so write of the creator of Barry Lyndon and Esmond. One regrets to find Mr. Whibley among the detractors. His recent "Oposcule" (as "Thunder and small beer" has it) on Mr. Thackeray contains, as one would expect, some admirable criticism, but is tainted with the sentimental heresy. *Vanity Fair*, we are told, is spoilt because it has a moral. "If he had suppressed the sentiment which ever rose up in his heart, *Vanity Fair* might have been as a-moral as *The Way of the World*, and what a masterpiece it would have been," and almost as unreadable one may add.

Then he objects to the author playing the part of chorus and especially to his moralizing—he is accused of "forgetting the impartiality of the artist and taking sides against his own characters." But why must an artist be impartial? Is it a pure assumption. The partiality of Thackeray is a concession to the actuality of his people. To reader and author alike they are so alive it is impossible to be indifferent to their actions—and therefore, in logical sequence, to withhold praise or blame.

The best criticism I have heard of Mr. Thackeray's works was, oddly enough, my introduction to them. Years ago, in a certain house library at Eton, some boys were discussing, and I need hardly say, adversely, the books in it, and one of them, pointing to the green volumes of Mr. Thackeray said, "Fancy anybody buying stuff like that," to which another said, indignantly, "They are very good books." "What are they about," he was asked. "About people," he said. Like Mr. Pickwick's famous remark on the management of crowds, "volumes could not say more." They are about people—live people—uncannily alive—it is almost impossible to believe they haven't actual existence. I declare, when I saw *Vanity Fair* on the stage, I was almost frightened when our old friends came on. Yes, you may dislike the books, you may criticize their philosophy and methods, but never were books written whose characters were so full of red blood.

This explains the lack of form which we find in Mr. Thackeray's books—it is the difference between talent and genius. Talent may produce good work out of materials of knowledge and intellect, master of its medium it keeps itself well in hand; genius knows no calculation surrendering itself entirely to the influence of unknown powers, has as little control over its works as a prophet over his inspiration. This is why all the greatest geniuses are formless—Dickens, Balzac and Thackeray. This is why the moderns, academically correct, leave us so cold. Over-attention to form is always a sign of the second-rate in literature and art.

What does Mr. Thackeray himself say about it: he says somewhere, "I have no idea where it all comes from. I have never seen the people I describe or heard the conversation I put down; I am often astonished myself to read it when I have got it on paper. It

seems as if an occult power were moving the pen." When asked once by a young lady to allow Ethel to marry Clive Newcombe, he said, "Characters once created lead me and I follow where they direct; I cannot tell the events which await on Ethel and Clive." He is such a creator, he gives independent life.

There is one thing one must not lose sight of in considering Mr. Thackeray's works—that he never wrote a novel until he was thirty-seven. It explains their melancholy. Few of us keep many illusions after thirty-five, and his thirty-five years had not been without their tragedy. It was a shock to all of us when we read a few years ago that Mrs. Thackeray was dead, but to those to whom she was so much she had been lost for over fifty years. Yet he writes years after, "Though my marriage was a wreck, I would do it over again, for behold, love is the crown and completion of all earthly good." Until he wrote *Vanity Fair* outside the actual world of letters he was almost unknown. It is astonishing that a man who had then done such admirable work should obtain so little recognition. When we think that at that time he had written the *Yellow Plush Papers*, had given to the world the satire of the *Book of Snobs*, the tenderness of the Hoggarty Diamond, the grim Catherine and the magnificent irony of *Barry Lyndon*, to say nothing of delightful gems of Humor in *Fraser* and *Colburn's Magazine*, one can almost understand his diffidence when he was engaged upon the strongest novel in English literature.

Talking at Brighton to Miss Smith, the daughter of *Rejected Addresses*, he said referring to *Vanity Fair* which had not then a name, "I wonder if this will take, the publishers accept it and the world read it." A name was at last found—so good a name that as he told Miss Perry when it came to him in the

night, he got up and ran three times round his bedroom. It must have been a very stupid public. *Vanity Fair* was refused by *Colburn's Magazine* and was eventually published by Bradbury and Evans in the Yellow numbers. It was rather a rickety infant. It very nearly died from lack of sustenance. There is the story told by Lady Ritchie, how, when walking from the bow-windowed house in Young Street with one of the early numbers, across Kensington Gardens to a family friend, she was stopped by her father and told that perhaps after all it was no good taking it. However, it had its appreciators. Mrs. Carlyle writes on a visit that she brought away the last four numbers and read them over in bed and found them "very good indeed." And Charlotte Brontë, from that grim Yorkshire Vicarage, detected "*an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries had yet recognized.*" It was an article by Abraham Hayward in the *Edinboro Review*—and it is said, the lighter humor of Mrs. Perkins' Ball and indeed the "*O-Mulligan*" could have saved a very different book—that first put *Vanity Fair* on its feet.

Mr. Carlyle defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. This was, of course, only his fun, but the worst of a Scotchman's fun is that no one suspects it and we have been dominated by dullards ever since who realized that the world is at the mercy of any one who will get up at five o'clock in the morning. The exact reverse, of course, is true. Genius is intuitive, and a wonderful instance is seen of this in Mr. Thackeray's description of Brussels at the time of Waterloo. If we turn to the entertaining *Memoirs* of Mr. Creevy, it reads like a page out of *Vanity Fair*. We find it told how the English army is in retreat. On the 18th, his stepdaughter runs into his room and tells him the French are in the town; he goes out and meets an

English M.P. who says: "Everything looks as bad as possible, I shall keep the horses at the door," more lucky than Lady Bareacres in their possession, and finds a soldier friend bringing in a wounded General who says that the battle is lost and that he had better lose no time in getting away, until one can almost sympathize with Jos Sedley when he cuts off his moustaches. However, stout Creevy, like Becky Sharp, and unlike the recreant Jos, remains behind and is rewarded by his famous interview with the Duke of Wellington.

To mention Waterloo is to recall that immortal passage—after the kindly humor akin to tears of Mrs. O'Dowd polishing the Major's accoutrements—George kissing Amelia—Becky counting up Rawdon's assets, not forgetting the pistols in a rosewood case "same as I shot Captain Markham," and calculating that she can do with the pension of an officer's widow—"No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away—Darkness came down on field and city: and Amelia was praying for George who was lying on his face dead, with a bullet through his heart." There is no better example of Mr. Thackeray's exquisite style. Its dignity—its reticence—in a few words the tragedy and circumstance of war—after all these years about people who never lived difficult to read unmoved.

Objection is often taken, generally by women, to the character of Amelia. I hold that Amelia is a true representative of the real English woman. She would undoubtedly have made a good wife. It may be said the sort of good wife that makes a bad husband. She might bore him it is true, but after all, the only difference between marrying a stupid woman and a clever one is this. If you marry a stupid woman she bores you, and if you marry a clever woman you bore her, and I have never had any

doubt that Amelia made Dobbin extremely happy. Of late the modern woman has made desperate efforts to get away from Amelia—they try to be wicked and only become vulgar, they try to be intellectual and write books which make a publisher's reader blush, they try to be politicians and bite policemen, but if you scratch the most modern of women you come eventually to the Amelia type. If you don't like it your only resource is to turn to the Latin or the Celt and whether you like it or not you are wise to marry it.

Another test of genius is its antiseptic quality. The great book is as fresh to-day as when it was written. Becky's rise and fall in Mayfair might and perhaps did happen yesterday. A remarkable instance of this is found in the *Book of Snobs*, one of the few books which have affected the character of a nation. Nothing will ever prevent the English being a snobbish people. After all, it is part of our political constitution, but since that work we have had at any rate the grace to be ashamed of it. "What," says Jawkins in the No Surrender Club, "did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the corn laws you touch the sugar question—if you touch the sugar you touch the tea. I am no monopolist, I am a Liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice and if we are to have Free Trade give me reciprocity."

Then Captain Spitfire, R.N., who "does not care so much for home politics but is great on foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere but in clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles at the expense of some £10,000 a year each. He is the man who really is seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia and the atrocious treachery of Louis Philippe and expects a foreign fleet in the Thames." With hardly an alteration it is the

home and foreign policy of a great party in the State to-day.

The mystery of Miss Shum's husband was repeated in a police court last year and one need not look beyond a recent *cause célèbre* to be reminded of the luck of Barry Lyndon. From that astounding book even the superior Mr. Whibley cannot withhold a grudging praise, but in order to labor his sentimental point he misses for once his mark. When Barry drops a tear of sympathy over the misery of his mother we are told "such a son as he showed himself would be indifferent whether his mother starved or not." The truth is your scoundrel is as often as not sentimental. His feelings are admirable, but unfortunately he does not translate them into action—that is where morally he falls—his virtues are purely abstract. Nor is he more happy in comparing Barry Lyndon adversely with Jonathan Wild, a dull mechanical work, the whole plan of which is a blunder. Fielding makes the essential mistake of not letting Wild tell his own story, and so never convinces the reader. It is inconceivable that any one except himself should be found a serious appraiser of such a villain, but that Barry should sincerely admire his own misdeeds is exactly what one would expect and gives the plausibility upon which all successful irony depends.

Pendennis, Lady Ritchie somewhere says, is the happiest of her father's books. You must go to Ottery St. Mary and Exeter to understand how the author has caught the gentle charm of Devonshire, and of all his characters none ring truer than the immortal figure of Major Pendennis; as the man of fashion, the philosopher of Pall Mall, the defeater of the rascally Morgan he is alike admirable. The literary episodes are largely drawn from the author's own experiences, in fact, *Pendennis* may almost be said to be his

David Copperfield. Its Green numbers were coming out in friendly rivalry. He is writing to Mr. Brookfield—"Get *David Copperfield*, by Jingo, it's beautiful, it beats the Yellow Chap of this month hollow."

Then were there ever pleasanter characters than Chevallier Strong and delightful Harry Foker, Captain Costigan, like all Thackeray's Irishmen, is a perpetual joy, and Altamount is such a cheery ruffian that one is quite glad the drain-pipe didn't break. The modern carpers can never forgive Pendenis for his behavior to Fanny Bolton. They are like the lady in the play who could not forgive her husband for deceiving her before marriage by saying he had never loved another woman and afterwards finding out it was true.

Of course, it is a dreadful shock to find a hero who is virtuous and Mr. Whibley is so properly annoyed that he falls into the very error he alleges against "the English Humorists" of judging one generation by the standard of the next. The Victorian public was a very curious one. The novel was rather regarded as a form of fairy tale for those of riper years. I believe in order to understand it thoroughly one should study with care that remarkable book by Mr. Gosse, *Father and Son*. It was expected of a novelist to improve. Anthony Trollope says it is the business of a novelist to instruct in morals and amuse, and Lady Ritchie says that her father always considered himself rather as a lay preacher. Indeed, he was severely attacked by the British Matrons of both sexes as it was.

When we read in the *Quarterly Review* about Jane Eyre that "no Christian grace is perceptible upon her," that "the book is permanently an anti-Christian composition, there is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and the privations of the poor, which, as far as each individual is

concerned is against God's appointment," and the inference that "if it was written by a woman it must have been written by one who, for some sufficient reason, has forfeited the society of her own sex," one appreciates in some small degree the difficulties which the novelists of those days had to contend with.

Mr. Thackeray, always his own severest critic, writes once that he wonders whether he will ever write the really complete good book which he ought to. That wonder should have been set at rest for ever when he produced *Esmond*, the best historical novel ever written. It gained undoubtedly in form by not being produced in numbers. His own view was it was much too grave and sad. He complains it took "As much trouble as Macaulay's history and he has the vast advantage of remembering everything he reads, while everything but impressions slip out of my head." But if it was hard writing, it certainly made easy reading, and when he created Beatrix even Mr. Street must admit Thackeray thought imperially of women.

The Newcomes was described by the *Quarterly Review* as his masterpiece. It is the test book of Thackeray's works. Everyone should read it first—if you don't like it, salvation is not for you. In none of his books do we find more delightful people—Clive himself, the genial Fred Bayham, James Binnie and the Painters. Of all his heroines Ethel Newcome is the most charming, and no author ever drew a truer lady than Lady Anne Newcome.

The odious Barnes is found in every club. Colonel Newcome is often voted too unworldly, but if you read Lord Roberts' Indian reminiscences, you realize what a very accurate picture he is of an Indian colonel before the Mutiny.

It was after *The Newcomes* that Mr. Thackeray was invited to start the

Cornhill Magazine, at what he called a princely stipend, by Mr. George Smith, the famous publisher. *Philip* was not ready, but Mr. Trollope got up at five with his rail-rug round his knees and turned out *Framley Parsonage*. Of the *Cornhill Magazine* it may be confidently said that no magazine has ever attained such a continuous success, which in no small measure is due to the admirable lines on which it was started by its first editor. *Philip* is the book which I should recommend last to those who are anxious to study the genius of Mr. Thackeray. To me a delightful book from cover to cover, I can see that to some it might seem lacking in movement. It has, at any rate, one indisputable claim to our gratitude—that it discovered Mr. Fred Walker, who drew some of his most charming sketches in its illustration.

The Virginians is said by those out of sympathy with our author to be too long, and the return of George in the second volume to be rather a repetition of the first, but nothing was ever more entertaining than the reception of Harry Warrington at Castlewood, or more interesting than the sketch of the Braddock Expedition in Virginia, which recalls many an incident in a recent unhappy war.

The genius of Mr. Thackeray was many-sided; his drawings would have made a substantial reputation and his verses were better than many people's poetry, but of all its phases the most gracious was his genius for friendship. No man ever had better friends, no man ever appreciated his friends more—Tennyson, Carlyle, Edmund Fitzgerald, The Bullers. The Misses Berry, socially omniscient, thought no party a real success without him, the Brookfields, his friendship with whom stands on record in the most delightful letters in English, Macaulay (do not we all remember when he was asked with the great man in Paris to meet an Amer-

ican lady who, with the curiosity of her sex and nation was dying to meet them both, how Thackeray proposed to change places with Macaulay, each to personate the other, to find, unfortunately, that the historian did not approve of practical jokes?). They all loved him and he loved them, even grim Carlyle could find nothing worse to say of him than that he was a half-monstrous Cornish giant, but that was after he had reviewed the French Revolution, and Carlyle wrote of him after his death to Emerson, "A big fellow soul and body, a big weeping hungry man, not a strong one; he had many fine qualities, no guile or malice against any one, a big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion, a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about him." His generosity was astounding. Never too well stocked, his purse was open to all. He lent Magin, "Father Prout," £500 at a time when he could very ill-afford it. Trollope describes how he met Thackeray at a time when a friend of his was in great stress for the want of £2000 and told Thackeray. "Do you mean to say I am to find £2000," said Thackeray angrily, and then as Trollope says, as if half-ashamed of his meanness said, "I will go halves if any one will do the rest," which indeed, he did. We all know the story of his filling up the pill box with sovereigns for an old family friend "to be taken when wanted." What a wealth of kindness too in his description of Gore House after the downfall of Lady Blessington. "I have just come away from a dismal sight—Gore House full of snobs looking at the furniture. Foul Jews, odious, bombazine women, driving up in mysterious flies which they had hired, the wretches, so that they could come in state to a fashionable lounge, brutes keeping their hats on in the beautiful old drawing-room—I longed to knock them off and say, 'Sir, be civil in a

lady's room.' We recollect how the butler wrote to Lady Blessington and said that he noticed Mr. Thackeray at the sale with tears in his eyes and that he seemed the only one really affected by her departure.

In the last few years of Mr. Thackeray's life he seemed at last to have come into his own. Fame and fortune were his and his genius remained unabated. Almost a fresh spirit is noticed in the fragment of Denis Duval. The genial wisdom of the *Roundabout Papers* makes them the most charming essays in English literature; and we know he was looking forward in the well-earned leisure to devote himself to what would have been a work of love, the history of Queen Anne—and then the great master of
The National Review.

irony was sacrificed by ironic fate and on Christmas Eve, 1863, England was the poorer by his loss.

Mr. Thackeray had no fear of death. He had faced it before as he faced everything—sorrow, joy, failure, success—like a brave gentleman. He writes to Mrs. Proctor—"Those we love can but walk down the pier with us—the voyage we must make alone. Except for the young or very happy I cannot say I am sorry for any one who dies."

The well-known lines:

Then steal away give little warning.
Say not good night but in some
brighter clime

Bid me good morning,
might almost have been written by the
genius of Mr. Thackeray.

H. C. Biron.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XIX.

Sam Strange was enjoying an hour of leisure at "The Cup o' Genuine," having finished his mid-day meal. He was smoking a pipe in a corner of the cart-shed, with a luxurious sense of the parental disapproval which would have followed that form of recreation had he found himself at home, when a woman's light footstep crossed the yard, and the widow West stood before him, clad in a crackling buff print, while her hair, loosely fastened, stood out like a fiery nimbus round her flushed face.

"Can you step up the lane with me?" she asked in a muffled voice. "I've a word or two to say to you."

"Well, I don't suppose anybody 'ull be like to call jist for a bit," rejoined he; "I could soon run back if I did hear any one shout."

Turning on her heel, Martha led the way out of the yard, followed by Sam,

who was careful to keep in the shadow of the wall, and dodge the windows whence the landlady might be likely to look forth. He could hardly keep pace with the woman, who walked so swiftly that by the time they had reached a sufficiently retired angle of the shady lane towards which she bent her steps the masses of her recently washed hair, which had been but hastily and insecurely pinned in place, had uncoiled themselves and fell about her shoulders.

Sam uttered a cry of admiration which was as incense to her sore spirit.

"I never saw anything so beautiful in my life! I never thought a woman could have such a lot of hair. And the color of it!"

Martha's face twitched. As she gathered together the thick locks, coiling them into a rope which filled her grasp, she fixed her eyes on the lad

with a curious expression which was half triumph and half—it would have taken a more acute observer than Sam to divine the meaning of that look, but it had in it something of the glare of the wild beast about to spring.

"And what about your sister's hair?" she asked slowly. "There's men that think hers the most beautiful they've ever seen."

"Tamsine!" ejaculated Sam, with brotherly contempt. "There isn't any men that notices Tamsine, though she is a good-lookin' maid in her way—in a ordinary style," he added judiciously. "She don't seem to have anything to say to a man. I d' 'low 'tis that what puts 'em off."

"Ha," said Martha, with a short laugh, "she can find plenty to say to the man that takes her fancy. When she finds herself alone with a man, late in the evening or early in the morning, and there are no folks about, *then* she can manage to talk to him."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Sam.

"Well, you were surprised at me coming back so early this morning, and seeming so much upset, weren't you?" returned she. "Do you know why? Because it gave me quite a turn to find your sister was so badly behaved. Yes, I may as well say so straight out—I couldn't bring myself to tell you this morning with my aunt standing by, but I've been thinking things over, and I've made up my mind as you ought to know. Your sister went out of the house at daybreak this morning to meet Davidge, the sailor man. Yes, she let that common fellow, who's no better nor a tramp, kiss her, and put flowers in her hair."

"Mrs. West!" gasped Sam, flushing angrily, "there must be some mistake—it couldn't ha' been my sister!"

"It was, though. I thought it my duty to follow her, and I saw the pair of them sitting side by side and carry-

ing on like sweethearts. And 'tis not the first time neither, mind you. She's been meeting him regularly."

"Well, I'll jist give it to Tamsine," cried Sam wrathfully. "I should think she'd be ashamed to show her face after your catching her."

"She doesn't know yet," returned Martha. "I hid myself because I wanted to make sure. As you may think, I couldn't bide in the house where there were such goings-on, so I came straight away home from the downs. She doesn't know I've found her out unless Davidge has told her. I taxed him with it at dinner-time, and he told me plain that he and Tamsine Strange were in love with each other, and that he was going to marry her."

"My sister throw herself away on a good-for-nothing chap like that!" exclaimed the young man. "I'll not hear o' sich a thing. I'll step up to the farm, and have it out with her at once."

"Take my advice and go straight home and fetch your father and your mother," cried Martha vehemently; "she'd never listen to you. Get the folks down yonder to give ye a day off—you have a bike, haven't you? We'll make off home as fast as you can and talk to your parents about it. 'Tis time the thing should be put a stop to. I can tell you."

"I will, I will," cried Sam. "Ofr. Mrs. West, I do feel upset at your bein' obliged to have sich a poor opinion o' my sister; I do assure you it do come quite as a surprise to me. Our Tamsine have always held her head so high—or seemed to, the artful hussy! Father and mother, there, they'll not believe their ears when I do tell 'em. Our family have always kept themselves so respectable, an' though we mid have come down in the world along o' Strange's bein' left away fro' grandfather, we've none of us ever

forgot we do come fro' a good stock, and was never ashamed o' showin' our faces."

"I dare say—I dare say," responded Martha impatiently. "I tell you what—couldn't you borrow a trap and fetch your father or your mother straight back with you? Ha, ha! Miss Tamsine 'ull be a bit astonished when you come driving up to put a spoke in her wheel! She'll not look for that to happen so quick."

"How clever you be! You do think of every thing! Yes, that's the very thing I'll do. Mrs. West, I declare you be the good angel o' my family. If I was to have you always by my side I d' 'low you'd be the makin' of me."

Martha's thoughts were busy in picturing the scene which would follow the successful carrying out of her plan, and she scarcely heeded what the lad was saying, but forced herself to smile upon him nevertheless.

"And you will be by my side for good one o' these days, won't you?" pursued the youth, wagging his head with a fatuous expression. "There, I d' 'low I can give my mother one bit o' good news even if I have to tell her what she won't like to hear about Tamsine. You wouldn't have no objections to my telling mother as you an' me be walking out?" he insisted anxiously.

Martha gazed at him with faintly scornful amusement. The flush had faded from his well-featured face, which had indeed become pale beneath his sunburn; the dark eyes, so like his mother's, were alight with eagerness. 'Twas a goodly youth enough, well-grown and sturdy for his years, even though these might fall short by half-a-dozen of her own. The disparity between them was not sufficient to arouse the mockery of the neighbors; his admiration was soothing at the present juncture of affairs, and he might, moreover, make himself useful in a variety of ways. Let him buoy himself up

with what hopes he liked—this was not the moment to say him nay!

She smiled upon him again and dropped her dark lashes momentarily over her glowing eyes.

Meanwhile, David had gone straight back to the farm, taking advantage of the absence of the shepherd and Jimmy Pike to say a word to Tamsine. After what had passed between him and Martha, he felt he could not rest a moment until their position was made clear to the whole world.

Tamsine was just in the act of carrying away the dinner things when David appeared in the doorway.

"Can I speak to you a moment, Miss Strange?"

Her heart leaped; something in the expression of the dark face, in the tense attitude of the figure standing out so vividly against its sunlit background, startled her. She set down her tray hurriedly.

"You can take away, Mrs. Cornick," she said, "while I speak to Davidge; you can be getting on with the washing up, too."

While her factotum was still staring at her, she went out, shutting the door after her.

Having followed David to the cartshed, where their conferences frequently took place, owing to the impossibility of their proceedings being watched from the house, she asked breathlessly:—

"What's the matter?"

"Mrs. West followed you this morning," said he, coming to the point at once. "She did track us to the chalk-pit and was a-lookin' down on us the whole time we were there."

"Oh, David—did she hear what we said?"

"Only a word here and there," rejoined he; "nothing what could make her guess who I be."

He paused; despite the vehement wrath and disgust with which he now

regarded Martha, he could not bring himself to betray her by so much as a word. His own face still burnt at the memory of her self-abasement.

"Oh, David, how horrid of her to come spyin' after us! I don't wonder she didn't have the face to come back here. But I suppose she'll go tattlin' about it to everybody now."

"I do 'low she will—talk," agreed he. "She's the sort what's fond of mischief. Tamsine, 'tis best to own up to every one now. Let you an' me be the first to talk about it. Just you say straight out to Mrs. Cornick, when you go back to the house now, as I've axed ye, an' I'll do the same to shepherd when he do come from his dinner."

"Before I do tell my father and mother?" faltered Tamsine, turning pale. "I think I did ought to ask their consent first."

David's white teeth flashed out in a sudden smile.

"I d' 'low 'tis a bit late in the day to talk about axin' consent," he said. "If they was to say No, what would ye do, maddie?"

"Oh, David, what could I do?—why do you say such things?"

"There, I didn't mean to tease ye—don't cry Tamsine, love. But ye see 'tis best for you an' me to take the wind out o' widow West's sails by bein' the first to tell the secret. Here's shepherd comin' now—come out bold an' let's face him."

They walked out together, Tamsine's courage failing her as they approached the shepherd, past whom she darted with a crimsoning face while David paused, calmly awaiting his advent.

"Well, Red Beard," he remarked, when Cornick came up, "I've a bit o' noos for ye—Black Beard's won!"

"Lard, that's no noos," rejoined the shepherd with apparent calm. "I did never ha' no chance fro' the beginnin'."

He turned, looking after the vanishing figure of Tamsine; when the door closed behind her he wheeled back again, his face gradually becoming of a deeper and deeper red, as a full sense of his injuries penetrated to his inner consciousness.

"Well, there's one thing I will say," he cried, gradually uplifting his voice to a bellow. "I don't believe you've a-played the game fair. You've a-stole marches on me—over an' over again, you have. Ye've a-been playin' your tricks an' your games when I wasn't lookin'. You couldn't so much as feed the harse wi'out 'ticin' her out to stable. There, every time I did turn my back I did use to think to myself, 'Now he'll be a-takin' advantage of I.'"

"Now look-see, mate," rejoined David seriously. "I mld ha' done all they things, an' why not? All's fair in love and war. But I tell ye this—'twas meant as her an' me should come together—'twas to be. We knowed we was made for each other the very first day we did meet.—Well, I'm goin' in-door."

He went into the house, leaving the shepherd staring.

David found the women still engaged in clearing the table, for, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Cornick had not greatly exerted herself during Tamsine's absence, having been impelled to migrate upstairs and install herself at a bedroom window in the hope of being able to see or hear something of what was going forward, for David's unusually agitated manner had aroused her curiosity. Tamsine had called her down somewhat sharply and taken her to task for not obeying her behests; and the matron was in the act of slowly removing the loaf and cheese when the young man entered.

"Here," he cried gaily, "let me have a mouthful or two before you do carry everything off. I haven't had any dinner," he explained to Tamsine, adding

quickly—"I haven't had no appetite—till now."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Cornick reluctantly depositing bread-board and butter-dish, "that's a liberty what my son had never a-thought o' takin', though he mid ha' worked years an' years on this place. I declare—to walk in an' set down an' give your orders same as if 'twas a public bar!"

She slapped down a knife upon the table, and was turning away indignantly, when David stayed her progress with a laugh.

"I d' 'low Mrs. Cornick don't know how things do stand between us," he said to Tamsine; then addressing himself to the other, "Miss Strange and me are goin' to get married."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cornick, indignation and surprise choking further utterance.

After an interval of silence during which she stared from one to the other with goggling eyes, she flung her apron over her head, and bursting into noisy sobbing, fled from the room.

Tamsine impatiently shut the door communicating with the back kitchen and returned to the table, frowning a little.

"I wish ye hadn't a-told her yet," she exclaimed almost petulantly; "she'd ha' heard it soon enough from shepherd."

"'Tis best for folks to know about it straight fro' ourselves," returned he; "but I tell 'ee what, Tamsine, since you're anxious about your father an' mother gettin' the news soon, why shouldn't we drive over an' tell 'em this afternoon? 'Tis a lovely day, an' I'll soon pop down to Chudbury an' change my clothes an' then come back an' hitch the horse. You an' me 'ud just about enjoy the drive together—us two."

Tamsine was a little taken aback at

the suddenness of the proposal, but presently agreed, and David, abandoning his scarcely-tasted meal, sprang eagerly up and went out of the house whistling blithely.

CHAPTER XX.

Martha was in the room which she shared with her aunt, having, somewhat late in the day, bethought her of her relative's needs, when David's well-known footfall drew her to the window.

Peering cautiously forth from behind the checked curtain, she took note of the elation in his face, of a certain quality of alert eagerness in his aspect which was new. She observed furthermore that he entered the house without glancing either to right or to left, but from the brightness of his look she divined that this was not because of his determination to avoid herself, but because of his absorption in his own happy thoughts.

Now the light, bounding step sounded on the narrow stairs, and now she could hear him moving hastily about in the adjoining room.

Presently he emerged again, running quickly down the stairs and out of the house.

"Is that Davidge?" inquired Miss Strickland, who, on finding her niece's back turned, had made haste to dispose of some portion of the meal which she had previously declared herself too ill to touch. "What brings him here at this hour?"

"He's come back to change his clothes," answered Martha, after a moment's pause, and without turning round. "Very smart he's made himself—he's coming back," she added in an altered voice.

David had, indeed, retraced his steps, and was approaching the house with a face that was momentarily clouded. He entered the kitchen, appeared to pause there a moment, and

presently went out again, breaking into a run as the little gate swung to behind him.

"Come back to fetch something, I d' low," said Aunt Jane. "What be standin' gawkin' out for so long, Martha?"

"I suppose I may look out of the window now an' then without being abused for it," retorted Martha, whisking round; then, after pausing to glare at the startled elder woman, she went out of the room.

Downstairs in the kitchen was a pencilled note addressed to her aunt; Martha seized it, and without waiting to deliver it to its proper owner tore it open.

After a brief interval she appeared in the doorway of her aunt's room.

"Davidge isn't coming back," she announced in an unemotional tone.

The elder woman began to cry. "Not comin' back! Dear, to be sure, us do never have a chance, Martha. No sooner do us begin to think we mld hold up our heads an' count on earnin' enough to keep body an' soul together nor somethin' happens to pervert it. An' so sudden-like! But I knowed that chap never meant to bide—from the first I knowed it. What excuse does he make for hisself?"

"He doesn't make any excuse—he just says he's going away and he'll send for his things this evening."

"Well, we'm bound to be unlucky, seemingly," groaned Miss Strickland. "'Tis to be 'oped he'll pay us what he do owe us."

"Oh, he'll pay right enough," rejoined Martha, suddenly rousing herself. "He *has* paid, in fact—there's some money in the envelope."

She tossed a folded packet on the bed, and the old woman, still lamenting, began to count the coins it contained.

"'Ees, he has paid up—and a bit over," she remarked. "Tryin' to make

amends for the trouble he's given us, I suppose."

"For goodness' sake let's throw him back the bit over," cried Martha; "throw it in his face! I don't know how he dares offer us such an insult. I'll pack his things myself and set 'em down by the gate so that he mld never cross our threshold again."

Miss Strickland had thrown herself back on her pillow, sobbing feebly, but still tightly clutching the money; she had no intention of parting with it, no matter how badly David might have behaved; in fact, she thought Martha's suggestion entirely senseless. If the man had acted ill by them the more reason to make him pay for it, argued she.

Her niece was, however, so much taken up with her own sudden resolve that she did not delay to discuss the matter, but immediately hurried into the adjoining room.

The every-day clothes from which David had just divested himself had been tossed upon the bed, but otherwise the little room was in tolerable order.

In one corner stood the lodger's seaman's chest, with the key still sticking in the lock; David in his haste to be gone had omitted to secure it. Martha, dragging it forward, now flung back the lid, and then, acting on an unaccountable impulse, began to examine its contents.

These proved of small interest for the most part; wearing apparel, shells and curios from the foreign countries he had visited, and a few books. One of these she took up: it was a small pocket Bible, in good condition and handsomely bound.

On opening it she found to her surprise that the fly-leaf had been torn out. Something familiar about the aspect of the book struck her, she had surely seen one like it before; she turned it over and over, fluttering the

pages through her fingers and endeavoring to remember. Where had she seen a book like that?

Carrying it to the window, she observed that the inner side of the cover was blistered and the lining paper almost entirely removed, though in the lower portion a strip of it remained, surmounted, moreover, by a fragment of a label.

It was not by accident that the book had been thus disfigured; both papers had been evidently purposely removed. Indeed, it was apparent that a sponge had been used to detach the inner covering.

"There's been a name there—and he's torn it out," reflected Martha. "Perhaps it isn't his book, but one that he stole—perhaps he's a thief."

Before her mental vision arose a vision of David's clear eyes and fearless expression—a thief! No!

"But there's something about him he wants to hide," she ruminated. "He's always kept his box locked—he never says anything about himself or his past life; and then this book—he's spoilt it like this for something. Oh, if I could find out—if I could catch him—if I could pay him out for all he's made me go through!"

A sudden gust of fury shook her from head to foot; but presently, controlling herself, she laid the things back in the box, restored it to its original place, and went out of the room.

"I've changed my mind," she cried, thrusting in her head at Miss Strickland's door; "I'm not going to put myself out packing for Davidge. Let him come back and do it for himself."

She vouchsafed no explanation of this sudden alteration in her plans; and, moreover, it was noticeable that neither to shepherd Cornick nor to Sam Strange did she divulge where the stolen interview between the lovers had taken place. This secretiveness was of a part with her feline nature;

in obedience to certain mad impulses she was ready to spring and tear, but these once mastered, she was content to play a waiting game.

David, driving through the green land with Tamsine by his side, had no idea that Martha had laid hold of the first link of a chain of evidence that might lead to his destruction. He had, indeed, banished the thought of her from his mind as something unpleasant—he was free of her; even the charitable motives which had urged him to loiter beneath Miss Strickland's roof were powerless to influence him after the scene of that day. He would find a lodging elsewhere in the village until he and Tamsine were married, which must be as soon as possible.

He was impatiently and ardently urging this now, as they descended the narrow track which led from the downs to the high road, and Tamsine listened with downcast eyes and a beating heart.

"We must see what father and mother have to say," she observed hesitatingly.

"Why, what can they have again it?" rejoined he. "Once they've seen me and heard what I've got to say and agreed to let us get married, I don't see why we shouldn't have banns put up at once. Have you anything to say again it?" he asked quickly, flashing one of his hawk-like glances at her.

"N-no," faltered Tamsine. "I only thought—I only fancied—I d' 'low it 'ud be nice to go on bein' sweethearts for a bit now we're free to walk out openly. I d' 'low it 'ud be nice to walk out together now we needn't be ashamed to show ourselves."

"I'll walk out wi' ye when we are man an' wife," said David, softening and smiling. "I'll court ye all the days that we be wed, Tamsine, I'll be your lover, never fear, so long as I'm your husband, so long as I do live."

Then what could Tamsine do but

smile and acquiesce, though she would fain have kept her maidenhood a little longer. It was all so sudden, so strange! A month ago the personality of David Chant loomed but dimly above her mental horizon—and in less than a month hence he was to be her husband!

Mrs. Strange was doing her ironing, Wednesday being a day consecrated to that usage in most village households. It was holiday-time, a period at which her maternal heart was usually much exercised with the doings of her active little tribe, but to-day, for once, she was without anxiety. The elder lads had all gone to witness a cricket-match, and Edwin, the youngest, was rendered for the time being incapable of getting into mischief, his sturdy, sun-burnt legs being tied together by a red and yellow handkerchief of his father's, which innocuous fetter was of sufficient length to enable him to walk and tumble about, but prevented his climbing the gate or over the low door leading to the wood-shed, where such forbidden and dangerous delights as the axe and billhook might have proved tempting if within reach.

As the gig halted outside the garden-gate, Mrs. Strange's voice sounded from within doors.

"Put the loaf down on doorstep, baker, please. I can't come out for a minute."

"'Tisn't baker, mother," rejoined the girl. "It's me, Tamsine, and I've brought somebody to see you."

A momentary pause ensued, during which, as Tamsine divined, her mother hastily divested herself of her coarse apron and pulled down her sleeves. Edwin came shuffling round the corner of the house, backing away again at sight of the stranger.

"'Tis a man wi' a beard," he announced, as he turned and laboriously climbed the doorstep.

"There, an' you such a sight wi' that dirty face!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange in an agonized whisper.

She picked up the child and hastily polished his face as she carried him down the path; her own fresh face was red with excitement. She was wondering inwardly why Tamsine did not come in to tell her "private-like" about this unexpected visitor before she found herself face to face with him.

But Tamsine was still sitting in the trap, for she found this explanation difficult to give, and relied on David's quick wits to tide over the awkwardness of the situation.

She looked quite beautiful as she sat there looking down at her mother silently for a moment, her face all blushes and shy smiles, her eyes shining.

"This is Mr. Davidge, mother," she said at last. "I've brought him to see you. I do want you to know him—for him an' me—have—have——"

She broke off, and David, fixing the astonished Mrs. Strange with his bright eyes, and smiling in the way which all women found irresistible, said gaily:—

"Well, we've pretty well settled things, Mrs. Strange, but, of course, we are anxious for your approval."

"Well, Tamsine, this is a surprise," said the mother, a good deal taken aback, but nevertheless excited and not ill-pleased. David was a personable young man, well dressed and apparently well-to-do; his very assurance seemed to guarantee that fact. And then Tamsine was such a steady maid and so sensible; if she had indeed chosen, then surely she had chosen wisely.

She looked very hard at Mr. Davidge, and Mr. Davidge smiled back at her confidently; then she looked at Tamsine, taking note once more of the new

beauty in her face, the almost tremulous happiness, and then she said brokenly:—

The Times.

"Well, I'm sure I give 'ee joy, my dear. Ye must come in and tell me all about it."

(To be continued.)

YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS.

I believe there is no authentic record of the date when Yorkshire schools first came into existence. The earliest advertisement known, emanating from one of these establishments, appeared in the *London Advertiser* in September, 1749. But whatever the date, it was soon discovered by the unscrupulous to be a paying business, with the result that by the end of the eighteenth century there were quite a large number of pedagogues all advertising in similar terms, and laying great emphasis on the low fees, great advantages, and no vacations. It may seem strange to the uninitiated that an out-of-the-way place like Bowes and district should be the principal locality for the carrying on of this nefarious trade, but, in reality, it was an ideal one. Situated nearly 300 miles from London, it was at that time a two days' journey by coach, making it practically impossible for any child who was unfortunate enough to be sent to one of these shameful institutions ever to reach home again of its own accord.

So they flourished, and by the second decade of the nineteenth century about twenty schools were doing a thriving business in and around Bowes. There was no risk from the law, all money was paid in advance, and everything was in their proprietors' favor. The mode of procedure was simple: the majority of the schoolmasters advertised in the London papers, then journeyed there at intervals, and took back any scholar secured. Shaw, the generally-accepted prototype of Squeers, went twice yearly, in January and in July, staying three weeks each time. He

put up at the George and Blue Boar, High Holborn, as his business card, which still exists, notifies. An examination of the London papers of that period discloses the fact that the greater number of these "gentlemen" when in town took up their quarters in the neighborhood of Snow Hill.

In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens makes mention of two Inns only in the North, the George, Greta Bridge, and the King's Head, Barnard Castle. Yet the end of his journey was Bowes, and the ancient Unicorn Inn, standing midway in the village, was his headquarters during his stay.

All the information at my disposal favors the supposition that Shaw's school was the principal object of his visit. Shaw had been disastrously involved in a lawsuit some time before, which was reported in the principal newspapers, and which Dickens doubtless read. His school was the largest and most widely known, and Dickens, while being quite silent about any other school, or proprietor, in his private diary, now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, says of Shaw:—

Shaw, the schoolmaster we saw to-day (February 2nd, 1838), is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since, from gross neglect. The case was tried and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and '26. Look this out in the newspapers.

This entry and the other things considered together seem to indicate, I think, that if Dickens had one person in his mind more than another when delineating the character of Squeers,

Yorkshire Schools.

that person was Shaw. The Unicorn (originally named the George) was in close proximity to Bowes Academy, and was at that time the most important inn between York and Carlisle. Nearly a dozen coaches changed horses in its yard every day, and it is interesting from the fact that it is one of the largest of the ancient roadside hostleries still extant which was built owing to the necessities of the mode of travel in the good old coaching days.

It was here Dickens interviewed John Browdie, who in real life was said to have been Thomas Todd, a native of the village, and the big, bluff, hearty chap depicted in the novel. His obituary, which appeared in the *Teesdale Mercury* on July 1st, 1885, ran as follows:—

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Todd, of Frosterley, at the ripe age of 86. The deceased was by popular acceptance the John Browdie of Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. Todd was a man of the strictest integrity, was held in high esteem by numerous friends, and his death is sincerely regretted.

With regard to other principal characters in the novel, "Nicholas Nickleby" was generally recognized in John Mackay, a tutor at Shaw's, and whom Dickens is said to have made much use of. This gentleman died during the dreadful visitation of cholera in 1849, when scarcely a village in England escaped. "Mrs. Nickleby" had some resemblance, it is said, to Dickens's mother, "Kate Nickleby" to his sister Fanny, while it is well known that the "Cheeryble Brothers" were the brothers Grant, of Manchester, and "Smike," the most pathetic character of all, was Smith, whom I personally recollect.

Of the many boys who died at Bowes while at school, and were buried there, I have been able to trace only one who had a stone erected to his

memory. It bears the following inscription:—

Here lie
the remains of
GEORGE ASHTON TAYLOR,
Son of John Taylor,
Of Trowbridge, Wiltshire,
Who died suddenly at Mr. William
Shaw's Academy,
Of this place, April 13th, 1822,
Aged 19 Years.
Young reader, thou must die, but after
this the Judgment.

Near by are the graves of two of
Shaw's children, their epitaphs reading
as follows:—

In Memory of
JANE SHAW,
The Daughter of William and Bridget
Shaw,
Departed this life May 28th, 1820.
Aged 4 Years.
Also ELIZA SHAW,
Died February 28th, 1828.
Aged 11 Weeks.

Sweet Innocence lies Buried here,
A Father's Hope, a Mother's Care,
But hark! the Whispering Angels say,
She lives in Everlasting Day.

Black as Shaw's school was painted, however, there were others that were at least as bad. Clarkson's (Bowes Hall) was a rough shop, so was Chapman's (Cotherstone), Horn's (Startforth Hall) and Adamthwaite's (Bowes). Bowman's (Gainford) bore a good name, as also did Simpson's (Earby Hall). At the latter school there was a large orchard, which the boys used to rob at their pleasure. This school and Bowman's were the only two that survived *Nicholas Nickleby*, Bowman's being still in existence. But the school that bore the worst name for neglect, prior to Shaw's, was Simpson's (Wodencroft Lodge), Cotherstone, about three miles and a half north of Bowes.

Wodencroft is a good-sized farm, and the boys were compelled to do the farm work. They also went about the year round without boots or stock-

ings. As Simpson died in 1828, it is clear Dickens could not have had anything to do with him.

Contemporary with, and of almost as great notoriety as, Shaw was Clarkson, The Grange, now named Bowes Hall. This school stands at the extreme east end of the village, and is a large, gloomy building of the 17th century. Clarkson, finding his occupation in danger owing to the publication of the novel, threatened Dickens with a lawsuit. When the school eventually closed he removed to Yarm.

The Dickensian.

where his death was hastened by intemperance.

It is said that Mrs. Shaw died of a broken heart shortly after the publication of the last monthly part of *Nickolas Nickleby*. Shaw became a helpless paralytic, but lingered until 1850.

On the north side of the quaint old churchyard they sleep together, recking not how the world wags or what busybodies are saying of them, reminding one of that favorite expression of Mrs. Squeers, " 'Twill be all as one a hundred years hence."

E. Hardy.

A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

XV.

SALISBURY.

Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, is a pretty little town, containing some fifteen hundred white people, many good houses of brick—not corrugated iron—and some excellent if rather expensive shops. In those shops you can buy anything you please, from the last English novel, or a packet of blades for an American safety razor, to a ready-made iron farmhouse.

Salisbury also contains a hotel, more than one I think, but certainly one, a comfortable and unpretentious building embowered in *Bougainvillea* and passion-flower.

On the door of each bedroom is nailed a printed paper, which the occupant is "invited to scan." It reads in parts as if it came from across the Atlantic, from the West of fifty years ago, but I suppose the air of Rhodesia produces that form of humor. The following extracts will give some idea of the attractions of the hotel:—

Special accommodation is provided for pets such as elephants, hippos.,

crocs., or lions; but dogs, including those of high birth and doubtful parentage, must be kept in the bedrooms, which for this purpose are furnished with a special line in white counterpanes. . . .

As the ladies of this country are specially trained to enjoy bad language, ribald songs, step dances, and shouting at all times, male visitors arriving home between midnight and the milk are requested to make as much noise and curse as flowery as they possibly can. . . .

Valuables should on no account be locked up, but should be thrown anywhere, or, for preference, placed outside the door with the boots. Locks are fixed on the doors solely for ornamental purposes. Should anything be missing, in spite of this, visitors are asked to remember that the Proprietor must get a living somehow.

I am bound to say that the proprietor maligned himself and his hotel, which, under the management of a kindly and capable Irish housekeeper, proved most comfortable. It is true that the first night I was there some of the guests dressed for dinner by taking off their coats; and later, a gen-

tleman whom I did not know, on a holiday from some neighboring gold mine, beating in short tacks up the veranda, fell over my chair, and then, after some vivid language about me, which seemed to me undeserved, insisted, with his arm over my shoulders, upon my joining him in "something short." Finally, when I had escaped to my room, he whistled and sang in the courtyard below, chiefly hymn tunes, until someone else opened a door and threw a boot at him. But the meals in the little dining-room, lined with zebra heads and the horns of antelopes, were excellent; and the Mashona warrior who did my chambermaid's work was most friendly and attentive. Altogether, it was not much less comfortable, and it was certainly more picturesque, than a London hotel.

If one tears oneself away from it, and goes out to dine at one of the hospitable homes of the English residents, the conveyance is a *jinriksha*, drawn by two men, one behind and one in the shafts. They are not decorated, like the prancing *riksha* men in Durban or Maritzburg, with horns and paint and feathers, which is a pity, for an African tribesman in an old pot-hat and cast-off European clothing does not look his best.

Salisbury has a comfortable club, where I read in "*Punch*" a notice of my last book. It also has a pack of hounds, and a polo-ground, and many other pleasant things; and as the climate was perfect it seemed to me a very delightful residence. But I noticed that punkahs were hanging in the dining-room; and was told that before the summer rains began the heat was considerable, the thermometer sometimes reaching 100° Fahrenheit. The heat, however, does not last long, and no one seemed a penny the worse for it. The complexion of the ladies was as fresh as in England.

Salisbury is the headquarters of one of the military police forces which are so marked a feature of South Africa and Rhodesia. I had the pleasure of going over the lines, and was much struck by all I saw. The commandant of the corps had seen service, and he and his officers bore on the breasts of their blue uniforms decorations for various wars. In the neat little mess they showed me the colors of the regiment,—the only colors, I was told, granted to a police corps. The men's lines were on the pattern of the regular army, long corrugated iron rooms, very clean and well kept. The corps consisted, I think, of 450 white men and over 500 blacks. It was broken up into many detachments, for it had to keep order in a country about as big as the United Kingdom, so that there was rarely a large number of men at headquarters; but the men who were there seemed very good. There were old soldiers among them, with the unmistakable stamp of their calling. The corps is mostly recruited in England, and the men are said to learn their business quickly. The high pay given, five shillings a-day, secures men of a good class and fine physique. A lately joined recruit to whom I spoke told me he came from London. He would have made a typical Guardsman, for he was a strong fresh-colored boy, nearly six feet high; but he had chosen a life of African service and adventure in preference to the red coat and bearskin. It does one good to come to South Africa and to see how many men of the same type are still to be got.

The country about Salisbury is more open than that about Buluwayo, and is extremely pretty,—a mixture of rolling grassland and wooded hills. There is much land available for farming on very low terms, and there seems to be a likelihood of considerable immigration from the southward. Certainly

at first sight one can hardly imagine any prospect more attractive, to a young man whose tastes lie in the direction of farming, than a stretch of this beautiful country.

I shall not quickly forget a day spent on one of the Salisbury farms. There had been rain not long before, and the air was delicious. As I drove in a mule-cart mile after mile over the soft track, the blue sky mottled with light white clouds sailing before a gentle breeze, and the grass to right and left full of wild-flowers, I found myself quoting old George Herbert—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

I was almost sorry to find myself at the end of my journey.

I was received with a hearty welcome by the owner of the farm, an English gentleman and public school boy, who told me he had never regretted his choice of life. He had suffered severe trouble in former days from cattle disease, but the remedy for that had been found, and he had no fears for the future. Certainly the cattle I saw looked as well as cattle could look: reddish native beasts some of them, others showing signs of Ayrshire blood, but all sleek and bright and healthy. The sheep also looked in excellent condition. These were of the so-called Persian breed, fat-tailed, with black heads.

The mealie crop and potatoes in the rather red-soiled valley, where the rain used to wash down the leaves from the little wood above, seemed flourishing, and the tobacco was doing well.

As we sat in the veranda of the house, as good a home as any reasonable man could desire, and smoked a cigarette "grown on the farm," my host, still a young man, told me that when he first came he had been somewhat tormented by lions and leopards,

which steadily raided his live stock. Herds of the great sable antelope, the most beautiful of all the African antelopes, could be seen from the farm almost any day.

The antelopes are gone farther away now, and the lions; but the leopards still carry off a sheep or a goat at times. I asked him how such quantities of game as he described had been destroyed in a few years, and he gave me an instance. Two families of Dutch farmers had come up with their wagons prospecting for farm land; every facility had been given them; and they had remained for several weeks or months wandering over a considerable tract of country. When they left, for they did not remain, it was found that they had spent their time shooting down every living thing they saw, and selling the meat to the native kraals. The three wagons which they took away with them were loaded almost to breaking-point with "biltong," made of buck flesh. And my host observed, "It is not only the Dutch who do these things. Englishmen come up to Rhodesia for sport, men from home some of them, and they seem to have no more idea of sport than the Boer farmer who shoots for meat. They will kill anything, however small. No amount of game can stand that sort of thing long. It is either wiped out or goes away north to safer country."

As in other parts of the world, the sporting globe-trotter is far from welcome in Rhodesia. The man on the spot prefers to shoot the game himself, and above all he resents the intrusion of "sportsmen" who have no sporting conscience.

Before I went away from the farm my host told me he thought any man who had a little capital, and would condescend to learn the work for a year or so, before risking it all in a purchase, would be certain to do well. He him-

self liked the life, and it gave him a good return for his money and trouble. Of all the farming country I have seen, this country about Salisbury seemed to me the pleasantest. Whether there is market enough to make it the most lucrative is another matter. It would not be lucrative if a young man went there with the idea of spending a considerable portion of his time in sport. Farming wants a man's whole attention if he is to succeed.

I notice that Colquhoun, the first Administrator of Mashonaland, is far from sanguine about Rhodesian farming. Many South Africans and Rhodesians regard him as a pessimist of the deepest dye on this and other subjects, and they may be right; but Colquhoun's book, "*The Africander Land*," like everything he writes, deserves careful consideration.

However this may be, I think that an Englishman who visits Rhodesia is pretty sure to come away with two feelings about it. The first is a feeling of deep gratitude to Cecil Rhodes, who saw the vast importance of the country from a strategical point of view, and saved it for the empire. But for him we might have seen a belt of foreign territory stretching right across the Continent, and cutting off South Africa from all our more northerly possessions. The second feeling is, that South Africa must eventually extend to the Zambesi. That seems the natural boundary; and I imagine every keen Africander wishes to make it the actual boundary. Southern Rhodesians have no desire to see their beautiful and hard-won country, now so distinctively British, merged in the Union, and this is comprehensible; but it is difficult to see how the natural consummation can in the end be avoided. The rest of Rhodesia, north of the Zambesi, is not a white man's country, and has no affinity with South Africa.

XVI.

THE LAST OF SOUTH AFRICA.

To my regret I saw very little of the Orange River Colony,—nothing, in fact, but what could be seen from the railway, or from camp on the Vaal, where I went to watch a cavalry regiment practise swimming its horses. I had hoped to spend a short time on an English farm within Orange River territory, and go on to Basutoland, but this plan fell through owing to the illness of my host. I had hoped, too, to return from the North to Cape Town *viâ* Bloemfontein, and to spend a few days there; but when I arrived at Johannesburg railway station I was informed that there had been a "washout," and that the line was broken for an indefinite time, so that also fell through, and I had to go round by Kimberley again. Someone cheerfully remarked that I had not lost much, as most of Bloemfontein had lately been burned down, but it was disappointing.

I was somewhat consoled for the disappointment by finding when I arrived in Cape Town that among the many prominent people who were staying there, attending the Union Convention, was President Steyn. I had a pleasant talk with him, in the course of which he questioned me closely about America, and the difference of principle between Republicans and Democrats, which like many other people he had never been able to understand—small blame to him. He seemed much interested in the question of State rights, and in the future of the Panama Canal. General De Wet came in while we were talking, and General Herzog. The former could not speak English, and I could not speak Dutch, so that our conversation was limited, but I was glad to meet a Boer leader of whom I had heard so much. General Herzog is a man of much reading, and is generally cred-

ited with having carried a Cicero in his pocket throughout the war.

During the next few days I met many interesting people, among them Mr. Merriman, whose culture and charm of manner made him a delightful companion; Dr. Jameson, who received me kindly at Groote Schuur and talked to me about Cecil Rhodes; Mr. Moer, the Prime Minister of Natal, whom I had already met at Durban and Maritzburg; Sir George Farrar from Johannesburg, and others. Lord Selborne and the popular Governor, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, were also in Cape Town.

Naturally the main topic of conversation at that time was the prospect of Union, for the Convention had nearly come to an end of its labors, and its decision was expected before many days. I did not, of course, ask any questions, but it was evident that all was going fairly well, for almost everyone seemed cheerful and contented. I felt much tempted to stay until the result came out, but I had been away from England several months, and could not spare more time, so I reluctantly made up my mind to leave the Convention sitting, and took my passage for St. Helena and Home.

It had been a very pleasant experience. Throughout the South African summer the climate had been almost perfect. I had seen many people and places I had long wanted to see, and had met with the greatest kindness everywhere. It was not the season for sport, so, with the exception of a very exciting whale hunt at Durban, I had done nothing in that way; but in all other respects I had found South Africa delightful, and I left fully intending to return to it as soon as possible for another visit, and some big-game shooting in Rhodesia. Whether that intention will ever be fulfilled I do not know, but in spite of the unpopularity of the

sporting globe-trotter, I hope so. In any case I shall always look back upon my first visit with the greatest interest and pleasure.

XVII.

ST. HELENA.

More than fifty years ago, wandering about the edge of a pine forest in Switzerland, which my childish imagination had peopled with all sorts of mysterious inhabitants, I came upon an old man sitting in front of a log hut. After I had got over my first fear of him, I found he had been a cavalry soldier and served under Murat. From that time I began to read all I could about the Napoleonic wars, and before long the glamour of Napoleon had seized upon me. Since then everything connected with that most wonderful of men has had for me, as it has for so many, an absorbing interest.

I have now in the room where I am writing a remarkable picture of him. It is a copy, but the original belongs to my brother, Sir Edward Durand. The picture was, I believe, painted from life by an Englishman, Mr. Bertie Greathead, who was travelling in France when the Peace of Amiens came to an end, and was detained. The story is that he was kindly treated by the Bonaparte family, and that Napoleon's mother eventually induced the First Consul to let Mr. Greathead paint him. Napoleon is represented in uniform, with his hand thrust into his waistcoat. The mouth is somewhat straighter than in many of the known pictures by professional artists. The painting descended to my brother through Mr. Greathead's daughter and heiress. Unfortunately no first-hand account of it remains on record. I remember reading twenty years ago a manuscript journal by Mr. Greathead, mentioning amongst other things a review and reception held by the First Consul at the Tuilleries, and, if my

memory serves me right, Napoleon was therein described as walking round the circle of guests after the review, and speaking pleasantly, but looking "more like a greasy little Italian priest than a conqueror." I think I remember these words correctly, because they offended me.

At the death of the then owner of the picture the journal had disappeared, and though I have often tried to recollect what was said in it about the picture, I cannot do so. I have only a vague idea of Napoleon as being pressed for time and very restless under the infliction; and this is an idea one would be apt to form for oneself without any description by the artist.

Mrs. Charles Bagot mentions the picture in her interesting book, "Luks with the Past." She adds, "It is said by contemporaries to have been a striking likeness, and 'Madame mère' said it was the best portrait there was of her son."

On leaving South Africa I decided to go home by way of St. Helena, and see the place where Napoleon spent the last years of his life.

As one approaches the island its form is bold and striking. The cloud-capped hills seem to rise straight from the water, and there are some fine outlying rocks. Running along the coast towards the landing-place, Jamestown, one passes close under dark cliffs of igneous rock cloven by bare narrow gullies.

Jamestown itself lies at the foot of one of these gullies, hemmed in by stony hillsides which rise at a very steep angle. Looking at it from the sea, one feels as if one could throw a stone across the "town" almost anywhere. To the right, above the town, is the old military station, now abandoned, to which leads a straight cliff "ladder," said to be 800 feet high.

At the top of the gully in which the town stands one can see from the

ship's deck some gardens and cultivation. Beyond these, a little to the left and nearly 2000 feet above the sea, are some dark trees and a straight-topped plateau—Longwood—Napoleon's last home. Landing in a boat, I found some carriages drawn up on the narrow quay, and selecting one with a sturdy-looking black mare, I started for Longwood. The road runs for a few yards through the town, passing on the left a little courtyard, where are the Governor's offices, and then turns sharp to the left and climbs the bare hillside. As I went up I saw among the buildings of the town below a few palms and bananas, also some oleander in flower and one or two other trees and shrubs. The hillside itself was not quite so bare as it had looked at first. One soon came upon some prickly pears with yellow or pink flowers, and some aloes and Cape creeper and wild geranium. Still, the whole aspect of the place was dry and barren. As one nears the head of the gully it broadens out. Below, to the right, is an old house with a garden, the "Briars," where Napoleon is said to have lodged when first he arrived. Some distance above it a little waterfall comes down into the green top of the gully.

To our left were some willows and pines, mostly stunted, among which were flying some doves and minahs, and beautiful little birds with scarlet heads and breasts and backs. I saw none of the canaries which are said to exist on the island.

On the steep zigzag ascent I overtook a white man wearing the uniform of the ubiquitous Salvation Army, with two negroes, belonging to the same service, who were carrying trombones.

Bearing to the left, by a roughish muddy road, past some rather melancholy looking houses, we passed from the top of the Jamestown gully to another and much broader one. The

lower part of this, the "Devil's punch-bowl," is rocky and bare. The wide upper part has some pine-trees and grassy slopes, on which a few red cattle were grazing among furze-bushes and other shrubs. There was a little gorse in bloom. Many of the pine-trees, when not in sheltered ground, had been bent and distorted by the perpetual tormenting of the south-east wind.

This is the spot chosen by Napoleon for his grave.

Diverging to the left from the road, which runs round the head of the gully, we drove down by a track cut across the grassy slope until we reached the gateway of the little enclosure in which his body lay for twenty years. The place is much changed—very unlike the pictures one used to see. The familiar willow-tree is gone, and the grassy hollow in which the grave was dug is now surrounded by a ring of tall pines of various kinds, with other trees beyond them. In the centre of the ring is the broad stone slab which covered the grave. A few red geraniums were growing round it, and it was enclosed by a rusty black iron railing, with two or three broken points. Some ferns grew on the bank at one side of the hollow, and below was the caretaker's house, with a small kitchen-garden. Overhead among the pines the wind made a sound like the distant murmur of the sea—a sad sound. The sky was gray, and the mist was drifting about the hill-tops.

Writing my name in a little shed above the tomb, as desired by the English caretaker, a native of the island, I got into the carriage again, feeling depressed; and we climbed back to the road by a zigzag track up the farther side of the gully. As we emerged from it upon the Longwood plateau I saw before me some trees and low buildings, among them Napoleon's house, which is approached from the side.

The carriage stopped outside the entrance, a narrow gateway between stone pillars, topped by cannon-balls; and I walked into the little grounds. The pathway leads to a door at the end of the house, on the left.

Walking up two or three low steps from a gravel path you find yourself in the "salon," a bare room with a small fireplace. From this you pass on to a similar room, in which, to the right, is a railed space, where Napoleon died. It is surmounted by the well-known laurelled bust, taken, but evidently altered, from the cast made after death.

These two "salons" project from the body of the house.

Going on from them, you enter Napoleon's dining-room, a dark room seven or eight paces long, which lies at right angles to the other two. Facing you is a small fireplace.

To your left is another fair-sized room, Napoleon's "Bibliothèque"; to your right a room about five paces square (Lord Rosebery, I see, says 14 feet by 12), and then beyond it another of the same size, with small fireplace and windows.

These two rooms to the right were Napoleon's private apartments, the farther one being his bedroom. They are about ten or eleven feet in height, and quite bare of furniture or pictures, as is the rest of the house. The paper on the bedroom walls is the same as Napoleon had, a light-yellow.

Leading out of the bedroom is another marked "chambre de bains," and beyond it the offices, with some rooms above.

Just outside, in the angle formed by the "salons" and Napoleon's private rooms, is the little garden patch in which he used to work, and on the other side of the salons, a small reservoir which he built for storing water.

The French Consul now in charge of Longwood told me that after Napoleon's death the room in which he had

died was used for a chaff-cutting machine. This statement was confirmed by Mr. Deason, the English farmer whose family has held the neighboring farm for many years. He now lives in the house which was General Bertrand's. The Consul also said that when the great Emperor's body was removed to France in 1840, Napoleon's bedroom was being used as a stable. The empty squalid little house was sad to see, and the outlook from it inexpressibly dreary. A dull gray sky; dark rocky hills with mist hanging about their tops; a wind-swept plateau, with few trees, and those mostly stunted and warped. What a prison for the conqueror of Europe, and for a sun-loving Italian!

But I was there in February. At other times of the year sky and sea are probably blue enough. Wellington, according to Lord Stanhope, "thought the aspect of the country very pleasing." Nor did he apparently see that the house had much the matter with it. It was, he said, "the second best house in the island," and Napoleon must "a thousand times in his life have been very much worse lodged in his own headquarters." The Duke doubtless referred to Napoleon's headquarters as a general in the field and the remark is instructive.

No doubt in Napoleon's day people were accustomed to small private rooms, as witness, for example, Marie Antoinette's rooms at Versailles; and though the house is a poor one, the public rooms were certainly large enough for the few members of the fallen Emperor's household. As to the bareness of the rooms, one can only hope that no injudicious attempt will be made to furnish them. From all I could hear, there are very few relics of Napoleon's time now to be found on the Island, and it would be impossible to make any collection such as the Americans have made in Washington's house

at Mount Vernon. Better leave the empty shell than alter it still further. It is saddening, but it is better left alone.

When I came out of the house I found that my friend of the Salvation Army was trying to hold a meeting in the open just beyond the gateway. The meeting consisted of the two black men with the trombones, and three or four native boys, who were lying on the grass. Napoleon, if he had come out of the house, would no doubt have entered into conversation with his fellow-soldier, and shown much interest in his religious views, and laughed at him a little, and pinched his ear, and gone away, leaving behind another devoted adherent.

The controversy about Napoleon's treatment, and the character and conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe, is painful reading. Lord Rosebery's book in particular fills one with indignation against our Government and its chosen representative. No doubt Lowe was placed in a difficult position, and had very strict orders. If the solitude and responsibility of his post warped the judgment and sense of proportion of a man to whom nature had evidently given no sense of humor, it was hardly surprising. Napoleon, too, could be very tricky, and very offensive to a man he disliked. And he had desolated Europe for many years, so it was perhaps no wonder that our Government had come to regard him rather as a criminal than anything else; or that in their anxiety to prevent any further disturbance of the peace of the world, they showed themselves vindictive and pitiless. It is easy for us to be more generous. We have felt the glamour, and we have not felt, or feared to feel, the weight of his yoke. Still, when one has tried to make all conceivable allowances, it seems to me impossible not to be ashamed of the way in which he was treated. If our

Government had been only pitiless one could have forgiven them; but it was all so small and spiteful, so unworthy of the nation which had fought him so well.

The whole thing was a tragedy beyond words; but to me it seems the most pathetic fact of all that through those six years of long-drawn death Napoleon should have been denied the certainty of enduring fame. Nothing else was left to him. Fallen from a height of power such as perhaps no man had ever attained; separated for life from the child who had been his joy and pride; knowing that the wife who had deserted him was openly unfaithful; not allowed to see the mother to whom he had been so good a son; brooding always over the triumph of his enemies, and the defection of the comrades who owed him so much; ravaged by an agonizing and hopeless disease; without any religious belief to help him,—he had to bear a punishment such as few men have borne. If only he could have known what his place in history would be, his sufferings, dreadful as they were, would have been more endurable. It seems wonderful that he could have had any doubts about it, but he did doubt it. "I shall soon be forgotten," he said. "History will hardly mention me." To him, who had set glory above all, this must have been the very crown of sorrow.

XVIII.

HOME AGAIN.

At Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary, an Englishman who sails into the harbor will see a long white town, rather mean in appearance, remarkable only for its cathedral of dark gray stone. When he lands, the native guide will, if allowed, take him to see the criminal courts, and will show him various instruments of torture, with some swords and knives illustrious for having been used by murderers. Then the

man will point to a dirty whitewashed ceiling covered with scribbled names, and say—let us hope without sarcasm—"English nation."

Why will the English nation do this thing wherever it wanders over the seven seas? It is horrible to find English names scrawled over every spot however sacred—over the lonely grave of Cecil Rhodes, on the very cross which marks the spot where Colley fell.

It is a little thing, no doubt, but it really is a bad thing—one of the signs of a certain roughness of thought and feeling which combines with other causes to make us disliked by foreign nations. For we are disliked; and the dislike is due not only to envy of our good fortune, but also to some qualities on our part which are not altogether pleasing to others.

And yet, when all is said, one never returns from a voyage to distant parts of the Empire without feeling prouder of one's countrymen. However unattractive the Englishman may be to other nations, there is a power about him which no one can help recognizing. It does not strike one nearly as much in England as it does when one sees the Englishman dealing with strange conditions in strange countries. In England one is at times tempted to fear that he has changed, that he is no longer the Englishman who stood up for so many years against the might of Napoleon; and one's heart sinks at the thought of what may be coming upon a nation which seems to put play before work, and will not prepare for self-defence.

See the Englishman in strange lands, and all is right again. Crossing the ocean seems to bring out the old spirit, which is there after all. You may find him—you do find him too often, if he is fresh from England—a man of indifferent physique, and unused to manly exertion; and you may doubt whether he

is fit for anything but to scrawl his name upon some better man's grave and go back to the gazing crowd in the football field. You will be wrong. He is scrawling it with his life-blood upon all the waste places of the earth. We can point to many a spot which he has made sacred in our own day, and say with the little Spaniard, "English nation."

The old spirit is there still, thank God.

But is that enough? The old military spirit of France was not dead in 1870. The Frenchman was still what all history has shown him to be, the best natural fighting-man on the Continent. And yet that did not save France from the bitterness of seeing her armies marched away into captivity and her capital in the enemy's hands. Is all really well with us in England, and in the Empire upon which England's continued greatness depends? Are we doing all we can to hold that Empire together, and to keep the heart of it sound and safe from attack?

Perhaps; but our birth-rate is declining rapidly, and at present our people will not face the burden which foreign nations face, the burden of making themselves fit to defend their country. Empire cannot long be retained by a race whose women will not bear children and whose men will not bear arms. Granted that the old spirit is still alive, there does seem to be in England, among all classes, a certain carelessness about the things which really matter, an apparent want of patriotism, which are disquieting.

There has no doubt been a revival or a new birth of Imperialist feeling in the course of the last few years. The pernicious influence of the Manchester school appears to have been shaken off. Many good men are working in all sorts of ways to awaken the nation, and arouse in us a sense of our dan-

gers and responsibilities. Still much remains to be done.

The contrast between the intense patriotism of the American, taught from his babyhood to worship the Stars and Stripes, and the apparent indifference of the Englishman, who too often hardly knows his own flag, is not pleasant to see. Patriotism does not consist of flag-waving? True, but symbols and forms are not to be despised. Indifference as to forms is apt to be combined with indifference as to the things they represent. I do not mean to say that in all things we should imitate the Americans, but in this respect, as in their attitude towards women, they certainly set us an example.

South Africa has shown how easy it is even for small adjacent communities to become separate, almost hostile, nations, and how hard it is to cure the evils of disunion. What happened in South Africa can happen elsewhere, and the longer we delay in bringing about the closer union of the Empire the more difficult the task is likely to prove. If small adjacent communities tend to drift apart, it is evident that great and distant dominions like Canada and Australia and the rest must tend to differentiate and crystallize even more quickly and more completely.

Englishmen who remain in England have perhaps a difficulty in realizing how strong the tendency is. There is much talk of the "loyalty of the Colonies," and rightly. The very foundation of British Canada, for example, was the passionate devotion of the United Empire Loyalists, who gave up everything they had in the world to stick to the flag. And the same feeling has been shown over and over again. Yet we deceive ourselves if we imagine that great communities, separated from England by thousands of miles of sea, with varying conditions

and varying interests, do not in time come to look upon the land of their birth as the country to which their first loyalty is due. The "Colonies" recognize that Great Britain has defended them stoutly in the past against foreign attack, and is ready at any time to do it again; and in communities of British blood there is much real affection for the Old Country. But still the feeling of patriotism tends to attach to the soil, and as the Colonies develop into great nations that tendency must get stronger and stronger.

What did we see in the American Civil War? Even a man like Robert Lee, perhaps the foremost officer in the United States army, felt that his first loyalty was due to Virginia, not to the United States. The parallel is not exact, but it is instructive.

A South African talking to me when I was in South Africa said, "My father was an Englishman who came and settled here in Cape Colony. He was an Englishman first and last. To him England was always 'Home.' Well, it is less home to me. I am English too; I was at Oxford, and I served through the war, and would serve again; but still South Africa is really my home. England is less to me than it was to my father, and it will be less to my sons than to me." He went on to advocate the old proposal, apparently so difficult to work out, of an Imperial Council, in which the various dominions could be represented, so as to bring them all into touch and keep up in them the idea of belonging to one Empire; but he was very clear as to the first point—that the loyalty of an Afrikaner was given primarily to South Africa, not to England; and he believed that this local loyalty would go on growing as the National spirit increased.

Surely this is natural enough. Englishmen are the best pioneers and colonists in the world, because of their

independence of character. They are ready to go into a new country and settle down in it, without perpetually looking over their shoulders to the old home. But that very quality makes them, when they have settled down, less inclined to regard themselves as mere colonists, as just Englishmen in another country. They rapidly develop views of their own, and begin to resent "interference."

This may not be an easy thing for us in England to understand and accept; but it is well to face facts, and make no pictures for ourselves.

It is to be remembered also that as national feeling and a national type develop there arises a certain want of personal sympathy between the country-born man and the British emigrant. The town-bred Englishman, whom our commercial system has brought into being, is not altogether acceptable to the sturdy "colonial." Though he has inherited many of the qualities of his race, he does not seem to the Canadian or the South African farmer—and often he is not—a very fine specimen of physical manhood. He seems rather soft and helpless. Something disagreeably like contempt begins to enter into the "colonial's" feelings, and in time it must act to some extent upon his sentiment for the Mother Country.

Again, we English, or certain classes of us, are apt to be supercilious in our attitude towards the "colonial," and this detestable habit of mind arouses extreme resentment. Even if not supercilious, we are often ignorant to an almost inconceivable degree about the geography and circumstances of the oversea dominions. For example, I lately heard of a case in which an Englishman, who was supposed to be an educated man, talked to Canadians, knowing them to be Canadians, about their President, naming the President of the United States. The effect of that

upon men descended from the United Empire Loyalists can be imagined.

Altogether we must bring ourselves to understand and recognize the fact that the "loyalty of the Colonies" may in time be tried too far. It is not safe to assume that an Englishman wherever he may go remains simply and wholly an Englishman. America is always before us to teach the painful truth that a large proportion of Englishmen, whenever their material advantage is concerned, seem to care no more about changing their flag than about changing their sky. Some care—very much—but many do not. We can hardly expect the man born in Australia or the Cape to care more about the flag than the man born in England, though as a fact he often does.

Times have changed, and the old conception of a Colonial Empire is no longer suited to them. That the dominions beyond the seas are loyal to the Empire there is no sort of reason to doubt. They have given the clearest proofs of it. But we must be

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loyal to the Empire too, if we expect their loyalty to continue. There must be an end to the supercilious and false assumption that the man born in England is in some way superior to the man born in Canada or Australia or the Cape. There must be an end to patronizing of all kinds. There must be a real knowledge in England of the Empire as a whole, and a real pride in every part of it. Finally, if Great Britain is to remain Home to all the People of the Flag, we must see to it that the Home is secure, and that for them the way to it is open at all times—in peace or in war.

There are signs which seem to show that men like Lord Roberts and those who work with him are not working in vain; that we are rising to our responsibilities; that our Navy will not always have behind it a defenceless nation; that before long every Englishman capable of bearing arms will be doing his duty. Then the whole Empire will feel safe, and, as they say in South Africa, "All shall come right."

CONCLUDED.

AN EFFECT IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

The woman's cheeks were scarlet; the man smiled sheepishly. Clifford Broome took in the situation at a glance.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, conscious that it was Saturday afternoon, and that he had returned somewhat unexpectedly.

"I trust"—

"Not a word, Miss Eden—not a word, if you please," stammered the lawyer, the prospect of explanations adding tenfold to his embarrassment. "I left some papers behind me.—Thank you, Mr. Sale. Good-afternoon."

With that he turned in precipitate flight, and was half-way down Bedford

Row before it struck him that his behavior was scarcely logical. After all, there is no need for a man to apologize for entering his own private office. Yet, though head of the firm of Clifford, Wyld, & Broome, he had always found it a matter of some difficulty to realize his position; save for his secretary and an office-boy of seraphic demeanor, the pet also of a North London choir, there was not a member of his staff of whom he was not secretly in awe. To the managing clerk, a white-haired old gentleman who had been engaged by the founder of the practice, Broome was no more than a boy; even the junior clerk was

senior in years to his employer, who in self-defence laid claim to being five-and-forty, though in reality a chicken of thirty-eight. Mr. Staplehurst, the manager, of course was not deceived by this pious fraud; he recalled a day on which the then junior partner had stalked up Bedford Row proud in the birth of a son who now sat in his office-chair.

Clifford Broome had been born and bred in the sober atmosphere of Bedford Row, and among his earliest recollections were heavy, decorous dinners at his father's house in Queen's Square, at which those kindly, decorous gentlemen whose salaries he never paid without a blush had on occasion been guests. Years before he had been articulated to the younger Mr. Wyld—Mr. Broome, senior, had died while his son was at the university—he had revered those clerks, and though past middle age, it was with a certain diffidence that he rang his bell to summon one or other of them from the outer office. They were antiquated in their ideas, wedded to the routine of other days, jealous of precedent, slaves to a conservatism in everyday affairs; he realized their limitations, and time and again had spent hours of an evening in simple, if laborious, drudgery rather than offend them by engaging an extra clerk versed in up-to-date business methods. Daily he admitted the absurdity of the position, but made no effort to free himself from his shackles, content to leave it to time to rid him of the burden of those four reverend old-men-of-the-sea. A bachelor of simple habits and ample private means, he accepted the situation and made the best of it; he was proud of the practice which, thanks to old connections and personal initiative, held its own in spite of modern competition; and, being of eclectic tastes, congratulated himself that his staff should be in such perfect keeping with their eighteenth-cen-

tury surroundings. Their snowy linen and sombre black matched the dark oak panelling and still darker furniture to perfection; indeed, in the twilight of a winter afternoon the picture of the old gentlemen immersed in some legal question, with books and documents about them, and their ivory features standing out in mellow relief against the depth of shadow at their backs, filled the solicitor with the joy of a connoisseur before a portrait-group of Rembrandt.

No City church breathed an atmosphere of greater calm than that office, in which the clerks might have passed for cathedral clergy, and were certainly every whit as antagonistic to change; and it had cost Broome days of misgiving and nights of unrest ere he had summoned courage to inform his staff that pressure of business had decided him in making an addition to their number in the person of a lady secretary.

Upon each of his clerks the tidings had a different effect. Mr. Staplehurst's attitude was that of a parish priest the chief of whose flock has lapsed into heresy. Earnestly, but with admirable decorum, he remonstrated against the innovation, reasoned with his principal; and, argument failing, had adopted an air of passive disapproval. Mr. Beeching, whose sixty-five years had not cooled the fires of youth, was for handing in his resignation; Mr. Pierce, though but just threescore, was prepared to ruin his prospects in life by a similarly drastic course. Both gentlemen expressed a fine contempt for the pusillanimity of Mr. Stephen Sale, the bald-headed junior clerk, in bending the knee to Baal. Even the office-boy so far forgot his dignity as *alto soloist* to whistle when apprised of the news. Mr. Beeching could count on his fingers the previous occasions upon which the peace of the office had been broken by a whistle of such levity.

Neither principal, clerks, nor office-boy are likely to forget that Monday morning when Miss Florence Eden entered the service of Clifford, Wylde, & Broome. The staff masked their sense of dissatisfaction beneath a dignified reserve, their employer his nervousness by an attempt at nonchalance. Both parties failed of their object, Clifford Broome with ignominy.

"Poor dears!" sighed Miss Eden as she took her way down Bedford Row, at five o'clock, some ten days after her arrival.

A week passed, a fortnight, and the attitude of the office underwent a gradual change. Even Mr. Beeching the ultra-fastidious, apart from the metallic click of the unspeakable machine she operated, could find but little fault with Miss Eden. She was commendably quiet, her voice soft and subdued, and she seemed at pains to dress as if in deference to the tastes of those about her, in harmony with the style of her surroundings. Broome was duly appreciative. More than once he had caught himself gazing abstractedly at the woman as she bent above her work; the clean-cut features silhouetted against the mahogany bureau dark and lustrous as her chestnut hair, the tone of her skirts blending with that of the wainscot, the play of the light upon the snowy blouse to which a bunch of crimson carnations gave a vivid splash of color, appealed to his artistic perception.

"Satisfied, Mr. Staplehurst?" The managing clerk had sought some expression of his employer's views as to the result of the new departure. "Satisfied? I am charmed." Let it be said that each individual member of the staff in his heart of hearts was prepared to sacrifice principle and endorse Clifford Broome's opinion.

It was the junior clerk who wrought the mischief, and at his presumption it seemed as if a spirit of unrest had en-

tered the office. Broome for the first time in his life showed signs of irritability, Mr. Staplehurst's reserve developed into settled gloom, high words had passed between Messrs. Beeching and Sale, while Mr. Pierce, hitherto regarded as a man of mildly sarcastic wit, was transformed into a cynic. Stephen Sale, blind to a state of things for which he was responsible, developed the most alarming symptoms; he bullied the seraph, worried his fellow-clerks, got upon his employer's nerves, and meanwhile, as was shrewdly suspected, made love to the confidential secretary.

The solicitor realized that what he had seen that afternoon fully confirmed the general surmises. Obviously Mr. Sale had proposed; it was as obvious that Miss Eden had accepted him; and the solicitor had not reached the end of Bedford Row ere embarrassment had given way to emotions vastly different. Here was a pretty ending to an experiment which had held such promise of success, and yet Broome could not blame himself for being blind to the possibility of such a dénouement. The junior clerk was five-and-forty, the secretary but half his years; Stephen Sale was bald as a coot, Florence Eden in the heyday of womanly perfection. And yet, when he came to consider the matter more closely, he admitted that of late there had certainly been much that was strange in Mr. Sale's manner. He remembered having heard the latter discussing with his friend Mr. Pierce the merits of two rival preparations for the hair; and had remarked that the gentleman in question had, without apparent reason, taken to luncheon rather later than had been his custom, and, most suspicious of all, had on occasion returned to the office about the same time as Miss Eden.

Apart from the absurdity of it, Sale's conduct was unpardonable. It was an affront, a personal injury, which his

employer felt justified in resenting. What right had the man to rob him of one who had already become an integral part of his office? A successor to Miss Eden was out of the question; there was not another woman in London capable of attaining the high standard the secretary had set. The holder of the position must be self-effacing, must recognize that she was no more than a detail in an harmonious whole. A blonde was impossible; a tartan blouse, a check skirt, would ruin the atmosphere of the office. There were women who affected such abominations. Besides, in all probability he would lose Mr. Sale as well, and be faced with the necessity of employing some youth of up-to-date ideals, whereupon the spirit of the office would vanish before a whirlwind of blatant modernity. Wing-collars, brown shoes, and obtrusive socks that matched as obtrusive neckwear would destroy the prevailing scheme of coloring. Broome hated fancy waistcoats, and a junior clerk's wardrobe, he knew, invariably contained a unique selection.

The lawyer passed a wretched week-end, during which he realized the futility of attempting to reason with his love-lorn employés, and on Monday arrived at his office with the gloomiest forebodings. The morning passed slowly. Miss Eden sat with bowed head above her typewriter; while the man, after dictating a dozen letters in rather disjointed fashion, relapsed into silence. When the secretary prepared to go out to lunch an hour earlier than was her custom, her employer, who had been watching her furtively the morning through, noticed something unusual in her manner.

"Mr. Broome"—the man shuddered in anticipation of the worst—"I wish to leave, if you please, as soon as"—

"My dear Miss Eden!" Broome rose with every sign of embarrassment. Though the girl's words had but con-

firmed the fears that had haunted two sleepless nights, he seemed hardly to realize their meaning. "My dear Miss Eden, but why?"

"Something has happened, Mr. Broome." The oval face flushed; the clear voice sank to a whisper. "I think you will understand. I'd rather say nothing"—

"As yet, of course, Miss Eden." The lawyer felt it was incumbent upon him to accept the situation in as gracious a spirit as was possible. "As yet, of course. I quite understand. I am sure I am"—

It was his intention to congratulate her. After all, Stephen Sale must be an eligible parti; but as he glanced at the girl, who had suddenly raised her head, the words stuck in his throat.

"I am sorry to lose you—very sorry," he stammered, conscious that it was imperative to say something.

"Thank you, Mr. Broome. I, too, am very sorry. I have been very happy here—very happy indeed. Every one has been so kind—so very kind." She paused for a moment, and then came a deepening of her color, a little deprecating movement of her hands, as she added, "And if you please, you must not blame Mr. Sale. You won't, will you?"

Not blame Mr. Sale! Till that moment he had never realized the enormity of that gentleman's conduct; yet what could he do or say in face of the appeal in those dark, wistful eyes? He laughed, or rather made an ineffective attempt at doing so.

"Of course not. Let me say that in a sense I am in sympathy with Mr. Sale. But I trust you are in no very great hurry to leave us?"

"I should like to go, if you please, as soon as you can find some one to take my place."

"A matter of sheer impossibility." Again the lawyer tried to rise to the occasion, but his tones, though em-

phatic, were despondent. "But you would do me a great kindness if you could manage to remain with us all for another week."

For a moment the woman stood silent, with clouded brow, and then murmured as if with an effort, "As you wish, Mr. Broome. I will try."

She turned rather swiftly; and the other fancied there were tears in her eyes as he held wide the private door which opened directly upon the landing.

Clifford Broome leant back in his chair with a groan and stared blankly at his junior clerk. He had scarcely recovered from the shock of his brief interview with his secretary ere Mr. Stephen Sale had bluntly informed him of his desire to resign his position.

"My dear Sale, this is wholly unexpected," gasped the solicitor, whose manner bore witness to the truth of the statement. "Surely you cannot have any real reason for wishing to leave the firm after more than twenty-five years' service."

"I am sorry to do so, sir; but there are private reasons which prompt me to the step I am taking. Perhaps you will understand"—

"Yes, yes, Mr. Sale, I understand perfectly." The whole sorry business was only too obvious to him, and his state of mind did not permit of congratulations in the case of his clerk. "I am indeed sorry that you should take such a course so unexpectedly, and I think I am entitled to ask you whether you cannot reconsider your decision. Perhaps Mr. Staplehurst might give you some advice."

"I have mentioned the matter to my colleagues—to the managing clerk, to Mr. Beeching, and Mr. Pierce—and they have approved the course I suggested. Indeed, I may say they have acted most kindly, most generously in the matter."

Stephen Sale spoke with feeling, and

his employer noticed that the blue eyes beneath the heavy gold spectacles were unwontedly bright. So the staff had given their approval to this piece of folly. Broome had no patience for such a pack of old fools. Were they blind to the absurdity of their junior's conduct, of this ill-assorted match?

"Well, I must ask you to study my convenience to the extent of giving me a few days in which I can consider my future arrangements. You cannot fail to understand how much I am upset by this event, which is unparalleled in the history of this office. Would you be so good as to tell Mr. Staplehurst I should like to see him before he goes out to lunch?"

Even Clifford Broome admitted that his junior clerk seemed conscious of his shortcomings; no man looked less the successful suitor than Stephen Sale as he stole out of the private office without another word.

"It's a very painful matter, Mr. Clifford"—the managing clerk was privileged in the form of his address—"and you will understand my feelings."

"I do, Mr. Staplehurst." The other's manner was sympathetic, and Broome was duly appreciative. "Sale made a serious mistake, and, I think, will do nothing towards bettering it by leaving the firm."

The old gentleman nodded gravely. "That is what I told him when he first informed us of what had happened; but Mr. Beeching and Mr. Pierce were strongly of the opinion that there was nothing for him to do but to resign; and, after all, his feelings in the matter must be considered. And there's Miss Eden, who is quite one of us, Mr. Clifford," he continued. "As I said to Mr. Beeching only a week ago, I don't know what the office would be without Miss Eden."

"And she leaves us on Saturday. She has made up her mind."

"Personally I had hoped she would

not do so," sighed Staplehurst gloomily. "It is the one thing that Sale feared."

"Well, I don't know what he expected," snapped Broome. "He might have thought of that before he made a fool of himself. He has acted disgracefully."

"Ill-advisedly, Mr. Clifford. Sale, let me tell you in confidence, having committed this error of judgment, has done all that lies in his power. Indeed, he has acted nobly, as I'd have had a son of mine act; and his friends Mr. Beeching and Mr. Pierce have most generously given him their help. Believe me, Mr. Clifford, Miss Eden will not leave this office with her future unprovided for."

"I understand, Mr. Staplehurst; and you've had a hand in it, I know." Broome knew his managing clerk's generosity, and when it came to a wedding present, felt sure no expense would be spared. "Of course, Miss Eden shall have some token of the high esteem in which I hold her. It is largely for her sake that I wish Sale could be persuaded to stay with us."

The wrinkled old face brightened.

"Then perhaps, Mr. Clifford, you might ask her to use her influence with Sale. The last thing in the world she would wish is that he should leave."

"Thank you, Mr. Staplehurst; I'll see what I can do," said Broome; and the other went out to lunch. Surely there never was a match that occasioned such general depression.

Florence Eden laughed. She had to; time and again within the past four days she had been on the brink of tears, and now her laughter rose unbidden.

"Mr. Broome, what made you think that?"

The lawyer colored.

"But I saw you—you and Mr. Sale"—

Miss Eden was serious in a moment; she spoke rather hurriedly.

"Yes, yes, I know. He did ask me to; but, you see, he is so much older than I am, and—and—though I like him, I don't think I ever could"—

Broome felt as if the room was reeling round him; but, as the other paused, his relief found vent in words. He rose nervously and took a turn of the office.

"It was stupid of me; and I am glad, as far as I can see Miss Eden, we need not lose you after all."

"But there's Mr. Sale. It is not fair to him that I should stay. He has more claim upon the firm than I."

Her employer was silent, and for the first time made some feeble attempt at a definite analysis of his feelings; he was conscious of an overwhelming joy at the prospect of the possible retention of his secretary, and a sudden inspiration seized him.

"But we want you, Miss Eden—all of us, including Mr. Sale, I am sure; I, perhaps, more"—

"You, Mr. Broome!" The woman's glance was down-bent; her employer had paused beside her chair.

"Yes, I." The lawyer spoke slowly, very gravely.

"For the sake of the office?" There was a note of petulance in the question. "You are always thinking of the office."

"I am thinking of myself—of you."

A hush fell upon the room; the other did not raise her head.

"And you want me to stay in the office?"

"Yes—no," stammered Clifford Broome, "with me."

What immediately followed is known to two people only; but when, half-an-hour later, Mr. Staplehurst entered the room he was amazed to find Miss Eden seated in the principal's chair and its owner stooping above it.

"Pray come in," stammered Broome.
"You wish to see me?"

The managing clerk cleared his throat.

"The staff wished to see Miss Eden."

"I am sure she will be delighted. Am I in the way?" answered Broome with a guilty air which struck Messrs. Staplehurst, Beeching, and Pierce as inexplicable, and the woman stepped forward, somewhat puzzled.

"Miss Eden"—the old gentleman's voice had the suspicion of a quaver in it—"you must pardon us if our conduct savors of an unwarrantable liberty; I hope our good intentions will serve for an excuse. It is with the utmost regret that we heard that you were leaving us; it was with regret even greater that we learnt from our good friend Mr. Sale, whose absence you will understand, of the reasons that prompted you in making this decision. Of the personal feelings of each one of us present I'll say nothing, but we are unanimously of the opinion that the staff of this office owe you amends for the circumstances which have compelled your resignation. You have won our esteem, Miss Eden—may I say it? our hearts—the hearts of four lonely men who now ask you to accept a token of their regard."

The speaker paused and handed the woman a folded sheet of paper.

"It is good of you; it really is," she stammered. "What is it?"

Clifford Broome bent beside her for
Chambers's Journal.

a moment. When he rose there was a mist before his eyes. The shadows were deepening, and the last glow of a crimson sunlight lit the three earnest faces.

"An annuity of fifty pounds!" He spoke as if to himself.

"Oh, Mr. Staplehurst, Mr. Beeching, Mr. Pierce, how very, very kind! But I don't think I can take it. I don't think that I shall want it now. You see, I am not going away after all—at least not very far away."

The three faces were blank, and then their principal spoke, much after the fashion of an urchin who has been caught in wrong-doing.

"Miss Eden is going to be married, but"—he stammered—"but, if you can understand me, will not entirely sever her connection with the firm."

Mr. Pierce nudged his friend Mr. Beeching, who in turn looked at the managing clerk, upon whom the situation dawned but slowly.

"Miss Eden," he stammered after a moment's hesitation, "we brought what we feared was a farewell gift; we trust that instead you will accept it as a wedding present."

"You old dears!" murmured Florence Eden, and took each outstretched hand in turn.

Clifford Broome gazed at the group in silence, conscious that he had never set eyes on a finer effect in light and shadow.

Norman Innes.

A NOTE ON THE CENTENARY OF HORACE GREELEY.

I first made acquaintance with Greeley in a ridiculous story by Artemus Ward of "Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville," and nowadays I can never see Greeley's name without recalling that tale. After referring to the enthusiasm with which he was

greeted everywhere when he went lecturing through California, the story proceeds to relate how Greeley made a journey of forty miles in a ramshackle coach to keep an important engagement at Placerville. At the outset, the lender of the coach warned the

driver: "Now, mind, this great man must be there by seven sharp"; and the driver pledged himself, "He shall." They started so slowly that Greeley put his head out and admonished the man, who only answered stolidly "I know. I've got my orders." Presently, however, the whip cracked, and the horses began to get up speed and went on getting it up till they were tearing at ever so many miles an hour over one of the worst, bumpiest, ruttiest roads on earth, with Greeley bouncing about helplessly inside. By a superhuman effort he steadied himself sufficiently to look out again and suggest that they need not go quite so fast, but the driver cracked his whip and replied implacably, "I've got my orders. Keep your seat, Horace!" and so the wild ride continued, Greeley still bouncing about violently till one terrific jolt shot him up and he burst through the roof of the coach with his head.

At a village a couple of miles outside Placerville, they were met by a huge procession, including the Mayor, with banners, a brass band, and a wagonful of beautiful maidens in white who were prepared to start singing something on a given signal. Some of the astonished citizens saw the crumpled and damaged orator huddled inside the coach as it slowed down, but before they could ask questions, the driver demanded the time, roared, "My orders is to get him there by seven. Clear the way! Whoop! *Keep your seat, Horace!*" and off they went again, scattering the procession, dashing through and leaving it to straggle in pursuit and be startled at intervals by the apparition of Greeley's bald head bobbing up and down through the hole in the top of the coach.

The outrageous absurdity of this story left me in doubt—for it was many years ago—whether Greeley was a real person, or merely a character created by Artemus Ward. But very

soon after these doubts were resolved, for I found him meeting Dickens in Forster's Life, and I came upon an allusion to him in Bayard Taylor's "Divisions of the Echo Club." There, at the club's first meeting, Zoilus reads a composite parody of "The Bells" and "The Raven," which refers to a penal scroll on which a mystic fifty was written:

And the days have passed, the three,
Over me!
And the debit and the credit are as
one to him and me!
'Twas the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note,
(Wrote and freely
Gave to Greeley.) . . .

And at the conclusion, Galahad asks: "What do you mean by the reference to Greeley?" and Zoilus explains, "I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell it for half the money." Then a chance reading of Greeley's own "Recollections of a Busy Life" sent me to some of the books that have been written about him, and I realized how great a man he was.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on February 3, 1811. He was the son of a farmer, who seems to have made nothing out of farming but debts. Before he was three he was sent to the primitive district school; as soon as he was old enough he worked in the summer on the farm, and only went to school in the winter. His first books were the Bible and "The Columbian Orator," which latter was presented to him by an uncle whilst he was laid up with measles. The Greeley household was continually in embarrassed circumstances, and in 1820 the home was sold up for debt, and the father took to flight to avoid arrest. When it was safe to do so, the family rejoined him

at Vermont, where Horace, at fifteen, was apprenticed to a local printer.

Five years later, bent on bettering himself, he tramped a long journey to New York, picking up odd jobs by the way, and arrived at his goal with ten dollars in his pocket. After many disappointments, he was taken on by the foreman in a small printing establishment, and the first day he was there the head of the firm, seeing such a raw, simple-looking country lad standing at the cases, growled, "Where did you get that fool? Pay him off to-night!" But the foreman kept him on, and he proved more capable than he looked.

His looks were always against him. He was a weedy youth, his face expressing neither character nor intellect; one of his gentlest friends was constrained to admit that his countenance was "not expressive." This is amply borne out by his portraits, those showing him in his latter days, a round-visaged, placidly beaming old gentleman, with clean-shaven upper lip and a fringe of white beard under his chin, being distinctly disillusioning.

Howbeit, before he had been ten years in New York, whilst he was a young man of thirty, he founded the *Tribune*, which under his editorship became the leading and most powerful American journal of his generation. In an illustrated "Comic Life" of him published when he was a candidate for the Presidency, it is said that "at the outset, he began to pitch into everybody, like a boy with a popgun," and it is true to this extent, that he was a social reformer in grain, a man of ideals, with old memories behind him that prompted him in striving to ameliorate the lot of the poor; he was never afraid to print his opinions, and was always on the side that fortune had not favored. He made vigorous war on what he considered corrupt in American journalistic methods; advocated

education and temperance reforms; took up the gage for the downtrodden, and was defying "the priests of the god Cotton" and fighting for the emancipation of the slaves whilst Lincoln still hesitated, thinking the freedom of the blacks a less important matter than the preservation of the Union.

In the 'forties, Greeley became one of that famous Brook Farm brotherhood of which Emerson was the prophet. His wife was a friend of Margaret Fuller; and though he never lived in the Farm Colony, he was intimate with the transcendental enthusiasts who did, shared to the full their altruistic aims and passion for right living, and was among the contributors to their official journal, the *Harbinger*.

But he drifted away from them, fell in with certain food-faddists, dabbled in spiritualism, and got a reputation for being eccentric, and his dietetic experiments and natural carelessness in dress and appearance involved him in a good deal of ridicule. He was considered an uncommonly bad businessman; there are amusing stories told of his absent-mindedness, and certainly his creditors appear to have taken advantage of his easy habits; but throughout he remained a hard worker and his influence went on increasing. Turning to public speaking, he became as successful on the platform as he was in the press, and found so much pleasure in oratory that, after a while, when he was run down with overwork, the only way to induce him to take a holiday was to start him off on a lecturing tour.

In 1849 he was elected into Congress, and I imagine it was whilst he was writing and lecturing for the abolition of slavery that he may have made the journey to Placerville that Artemus Ward burlesqued. On the platform, his appearance was ungainly, his voice unmusical and monotonous, but he suc-

ceeded as a speaker because he was sincere and in earnest, was clear, concise, logical, as he was in writing, and "never said a foolish thing." It was his speeches, his leaders and open letters in the *Tribune* that roused Lincoln to a decision, and influenced him at last to issue his momentous Emancipation Proclamation.

Greeley was himself nominated for the Presidency in 1872, and entered upon a tumultuous and bitterly contested election. He stood as an uncompromising social reformer, but the interests he attacked were too strong for him, and he emerged from the struggle "the most thoroughly beaten candidate who had ever run for the Presidency." It was commonly believed that this, coming as the culmination of the ridicule, slander, and misrepresentations to which he had been mercilessly subjected during the contest, broke his heart, for he died within a few days of his defeat.

He crowded an enormous amount of good work into the sixty-one years of his life. Whittier aptly named him "our later Franklin," and he stands out inevitably as one of the few great figures in the history of American journalism.

He edited three other newspapers whilst he was conducting the *Tribune*; wrote *Histories of the Struggle for Slavery Extension*, and of the War between North and South; a book about farming, one on social reform, and prefaces to many books; but his greatest work went into the columns of the *Tribune*, and his highest claim to fame is as the champion of the slave. In that business, he was the man behind the President, and he had been the man before him. At the time of his death, one of his critics spoke the right thing when he said, "The colored race, when it becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate his career, must always recognize him as the chief author of their emancipation from slavery and their equal citizenship."

But his own simple claim on posterity, whether it includes the other or not, bespeaks the true journalist. "I cherish the hope," he wrote, "that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future ages the still intelligible inscription: 'Founder of the New York *Tribune*.'"

A. St. John Adcock.

THE ALTRUISTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Manager knocked at the door of the editorial sanctum and came in briskly.

"Ah," said the Editor, "here you are. Good. Help yourself."

The Manager sat down and helped himself.

"Well," said the Editor, "you see how it is. Our campaign on behalf of Standard Butter, including the—er—" he glanced at a copy of his paper—"ah, yes, the salt and the yellow ochre, has certainly done an immense amount of good to the country——"

"And to ourselves," put in the Manager tactlessly. "The butter advertisements last week came to——"

The Editor looked at him blankly.

"But there comes a point where one's influence ceases."

"Yes," sighed the Manager. "This week they only came to——"

The Editor coughed and turned to his desk. "I sketched out a little idea this morning," he went on, "which might keep up the interest for a few days longer. It's just an imaginary conversation and goes like this: 'The following dialogue was overheard at a

well-known West-end dairyman's yesterday afternoon:—

Lady Blank. Will you send up six pounds of butter to Berkeley Square to-morrow, instead of the usual four?

Dairyman. Certainly, my lady. (*To Assistant*) Six pounds of butter for Lady Blank.'

"And then we could put a little note underneath, something in this manner: 'The above is typical of what is going on every day in the West-end of London. The denizens of Park Lane, Curzon Street and Cadogan Square are as insistent upon Standard Butter as are families in less fashionable parts of the Metropolis.' You see what I mean?"

"Good," said the Manager.

"It was just an idea," said the Editor modestly. "It occurred to me in the train. But it is time we thought of something else. Something entirely new. Now have you any ideas?"

The Manager thought profoundly.

"What about Standard Jam?" he said at last, "including the raspberry and eighty per cent. of the splinters."

"No, no," said the Editor impatiently. "Something on entirely different lines."

The Manager thought again.

"Of course," the Editor went on, "we can always fall back on a competition of some kind. You increase the intelligence of the country—"

"And the circulation."

"But the chief question is, what sort of competition?"

"Ah!"

"Well, there it is. Think it over, will you? And ask Parsons. He's full of ideas. Hallo, I must be off." And he went out to lunch.

CHAPTER II.

"Well?" said the Editor next day.

"How do you grow carrots?" asked the Manager.

"I don't know," said the Editor coldly. "I suppose in the ground. Why?"

"It was Parsons' idea. He said we might give a prize for the best bunch of carrots. I don't quite know what he meant."

"If Parsons tries to be funny again in this office he'll have to go. We've warned him once before."

"Still," persisted the Manager, "there is something in the idea. Carrots come from seeds, don't they?"

"I dare say," said the Editor indifferently.

"Well, if we gave a prize for the best bunch of carrots—of not less than twelve sprays, Parsons says—then the people who went in for it would naturally want to buy seeds and—land and loam and things. And so the people who had seeds and loam to sell would naturally want to—"

"I see," the Editor interrupted hastily. "You mean that we should stimulate the small gardener and instil a love of nature in the hearts of the people?"

"Er—yes. That's what I meant."

"It had better be a flower, I think."

"Buttercups or chrysanthemums or something," said the Manager vaguely.

"What did we decide was going to be the Coronation flower?" asked the Editor suddenly. "Was it the pansy?"

"Rose, wasn't it?"

"Well, we can find out from—Ah, now I remember. The carnation."

"Why carnation?"

"I haven't an idea. These things have to be decided *somehow*. Well, then, there we are."

CHAPTER III.

"The announcement we made yesterday of a prize of £1,000,000 for the best bunch of carnations, including not more than twelve spikes, has been received with startling enthusiasm by all the seedsmen of the Empire. A very pleasing feature of the correspondence which poured in yesterday was the number of congratulations from well-

known firms. A still more pleasing feature, however, was the number of advertisements.

"The competition is especially one for the London grower, carnations being notoriously partial to smoke. It is even more especially one for the country grower, who can give his carnations the open air and exercise of which they are so much in need. It is generally considered, however, that the suburban gardener will stand the best chance, as this delicate flower, with its fondness for animal society, thrives most strongly in the neighborhood of cats.

Punch.

"It is hoped that a feeling of loyalty (carnations being the Coronation flower) will induce everybody to enter for this competition. You may not win the great prize, you may not even win a medal, but our advertisers will at least have the consolation of knowing that you have bought a packet of seeds."

The Editor put down his proof and rang the bell. "Who wrote this and gave the whole show away?" he asked the Sub-editor sternly. "Parsons? Thank you. Will you say I should like to speak to him?"

A. A. M.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN LITERATURE.

"When Eulenspiegel," says Schopenhauer, "was asked by a man how long he would have to walk before reaching the next place, and gave the apparently absurd answer 'Walk,' his intention was to judge from the man's pace how far he would go in a given time. And so it is," continues the philosopher, "when I read a few pages of an author, I know just how far he can help me." Nearly every serious reader or book-lover will, no doubt, agree with this, and recall to his memory some dozen or score or, possibly, a larger number of books, of which, after reading a few pages, he immediately knew that he had discovered one more of those books which are so much more than books, which break new ground in one's psychic and intellectual development and become an integral part of experience. It is as if, without knowing it, one had always been seeking this book without quite knowing what it was that one had been needing, until something at once arresting and familiar, half new and half strange, forced the attention. Perhaps this is the psychology of all

reading, which is like a search for some object or quality that one has half forgotten, and cannot recall until it again meets the eye. A man may read fifty, or even a hundred, volumes and find more or less pleasure in each. But one day someone lends him a book of which he may have often heard with indifference. After reading a page or two, or encountering a particular thought, the book startles him into new attention: it was for *this* that he had been looking, although he did not know until it came along. It seems to him as if the book had been written for him, and might have been written *by* him.

Possibly no book deserves to live which does not give its *right* reader this sense of newly awakened wonder, of familiarity and surprise; and, if one does not feel this quality in a work, then it either was intended for someone else and has come to us in mistake, or, otherwise, was not seriously intended for anyone, and might as well have never been written. He alone understands a work of art who half believes, as Holman Hunt did of "Mod-

ern Painters," that it was written for him. If there is no such significance of appeal, the book may be very instructive, and give the reader a certain amount of real satisfaction in having read it; but he has not taken in its whole significance. The book which, in this way, strikes the sense is something like those portraits, the eyes of which always seem to follow one looking at them from whatever angle they are observed. With the book of the kind referred to there is a similar sense, as if the author always had his eyes upon the reader or as if one heard his living voice: there is a quality of life and intelligence in almost everything that is written; and, for this reader, he can hardly say anything which does not interest him strangely, even if to others it does not seem otherwise.

The fact is, indeed, that the psychology of all reading is the same as that of all personal predilections and antipathies; one cannot escape the personal equation. Books are in essence the living spirit of their authors; and, if one well consorts with it, one does not too rigidly weigh a writer's words in an artificial calculus of literary values, and will read his private journals or correspondence with the same feeling that one reads his essays or more public works. The girl who receives a letter from her lover prizes the communication even although it does not contain any terms of endearment or traces of those qualities in himself for which he is loved. And the psychology of the relation of the artist to his favored and favoring readers is of precisely the same personal or psychic quality. The best books are those which seem to live or to contain that unnameable quality of personality, that "ethereal and fifth essence," which is the soul of its writer. In his book the artist is himself; he transfers his spirit into it, just as, it is said:

". . . the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes."

By means of his book the author communicates himself to all his correspondents or unknown friends. Literature is, indeed, like the telegraph or telephone, simply a means of exchange or communication, a means of achieving psychic contact with friends at a distance. But literature, as art, differs from the post or telegraph, in that it is not merely words or messages which are transmitted, but the very stuff of life, or personality itself. A book is in this respect not unlike an exchange by which many thousands of people who will never see one another are put into communication, without aid of "wireless" or wire. The artist establishes a kind of guild, uniting all sorts and conditions of men, or, at least, he brings together all those who have something in common (for we may see in common experience most opposite kinds of people becoming friends). The poet's song or the critic's essay is but a kind of open letter circulated and distributed in public places or at various book depots, in order that it may reach by this means all the author's unknown friends or correspondents; just as when a man seeks to find a lost relative he often advertises in the personal columns of the Press.

And there is a similarity, too, in that as the advertisement in the newspaper is intended for, and will primarily interest only a few individuals concerned, so, by the same principle, the writer of any book only addresses those whom his words may concern, and others will find in them no import or special meaning.

This, no doubt, at a first impression seems a narrow and singular interpretation of the psychology of literature. But it could be proved to apply as well

to the most abstract or dramatic forms of writing, to the poet and philosopher as well as to the autobiographical artist or familiar essayist. Pursued into its last recesses, the works of the man of genius are the expression of his personality, and, if these seem objective or impersonal, it is because the artist's own soul is outward looking and impersonal. The most universal dramatist can but continue to manifest himself, and cannot trespass upon the province of any other artist. It is not the best of a poet's works which are, as a rule, of doubtful authenticity, but the worst—or those in which he is least himself; and his best works are those moments in which he comes nearest to perfect and complete expression, or in which he is most himself.

And the same is true of all literature and philosophy. A philosopher attempts to solve the problems of life presented to him by always remembering, in spite of all obstacles and false lights, to remain *himself*. He is, he knows, a new "method," an original and fertile hypothesis, a selective process and principle constantly at play with experience; and the result, where there is genius, is in every case something new, something which has never been witnessed, something which has never even happened before. And this *happening* is his thought, his expression or *art*. The world is a new world for him because he is something new, he brings something new, he is a pioneer. He is a kind of truth which continually unlocks and discloses other truths, a key to hitherto unopened doors. When he and Nature meet, one never knows beforehand what the result will be. His comment on encountering any new problem is always more or less unconsciously: "Now, how may I best remain myself in this difficulty? What does that monitor which is myself suggest?" He is himself a key. And this is his lifelong aim and func-

tion, to be and still to be himself despite a thousand metamorphoses and voices urging him to be something else. He will be tempted to yield to a thousand temptations, to habit, to counsel, to sympathy and reason; but, if he is to remain an artist, he must react upon and assimilate, must choose and reject, and thus remain himself.

This is often an explanation of his apparent inconsistency, centrelessness, insincerity, for he obeys a higher consistency and sincerity. All literature, indeed, is autobiography, and so is all philosophy, and even science. It all comes back if we go far enough, to personality. Personality is, indeed, the *plot* of philosophy from which all the action arises, just as it is of the drama or fiction. The thought or incident arises in each case precisely in the same way from the play of character with circumstance, of personality with experience. All true thought is indeed, in this sense, action, and may best so be defined. In the same sense, all *action* in the drama, or in fiction, is but thought illustrated, philosophy in picture.

If, therefore, to resolve all literature into personality seems at first to limit the range of expression in art, it is because personality is too narrowly interpreted. For to say that all literature is autobiography is only another way of saying that all literature is life. And to autobiography, art and the artist are as necessary as to the drama. It is no easier to make a self-portrait than to make any other portrait and the painter in either case must be an artist. It is only the artist who can be said to have any history. The best autobiographies have been written, not by men who simply told their own story and then had nothing else to say, but by men who had already proved themselves creative artists. Hence, we are likely to have to wait long for that human document,

the plain, unvarnished narrative of life as it is experienced by an entirely unsophisticated, simple-minded man, for which critics have so long been pining; because, if he could do what is required of him, he would prove himself not so very unsophisticated after all, and would be dubbed immediately an artist, and thus discount his own performance; as, no doubt, Mr. George Meek and the writer of "Marie Claire" have of late discovered. Has not this, indeed, been the aim of the artist from the beginning, and, to name but a few writers only, have we not such human documents, more or less true, in the novels of George Elliot, George Gissing, Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Arnold Bennett? In asking for a work of art from one who is not an artist the critic is desiring an impossibility, and indeed, his requirement is a contradiction in terms. If any man could write his own history in such a manner, there is no reason on earth why he should stop at that point, for

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he would be also able to write criticism, fiction, or, possibly, even poetry. For any man's soul is but a point in the infinite, having only position and no magnitude; or the centre of a circle, the circumference of which includes all created things. Was not this Montaigne's own discovery, as he testifies frequently in his essays? No man, indeed, can write of himself and his own experiences without writing also of everything; for each man in essentials but copies the experience of all other men. Hence, self-expression is the aim of all artists between the two poles of the subjective and objective—Montaigne and Shakespeare; and, if the latter leaves no portrait of himself, it is because his work is but a fragment. Time did not allow him to finish so prodigious a design. And, doubtless too, if Montaigne had lived he would have gone on writing new essays, so that the Montaigne we know is but a fragment of Montaigne.

MODERN MEN OF THE STONE AGE.

A community of primitive people, wearing no clothes, unable to count beyond three, and to-day making and using the implements and weapons of the Stone Age, was found in the unknown interior of Dutch New Guinea by the British Ornithological Expedition. The expedition was organized in 1900 to celebrate the jubilee of the British Ornithologists' Union. In the party there were 12 Europeans—Mr. Walter Goodfellow, the leader, Dr. Wollaston, Mr. Shortridge, Captain Rawling, Dr. Marshall, Mr. Stalker (who died a few days after the landing), and six officials lent by the Dutch Government, besides ten mountaineering Gurkhas, 60 native soldiers, and 80 convicts. They landed in

Dutch New Guinea in January, 1910, and after extraordinary difficulties in crossing a country which resembled a network of river, swamp, and delta, they reached the mountains at the head of the Mimika River. Mr. Goodfellow, who was invalided home last October, and recently arrived in England, communicated to *The Times* an account of his experiences, from which the following extracts are taken:—

The natives whom we met with on the Mimika average 5ft. 8in. to 5ft. 9in. in height. Their color is light compared with that of the natives of some parts of New Guinea. They are, indeed, of an ordinary bronze color, although one sometimes comes across individuals who are black. Albinism

seems to be rather frequent with them. I saw a child who was perfectly white, with tow-colored hair and pink eyes. The father and mother, who were dark skinned, were particularly proud of their child. Some of the people are quite handsome, especially the men. None of them have any power of counting beyond three. We spent hours in trying to get them to go beyond that number, but they were unable to do so. When we wanted to imply a large number we put our hands together with the fingers touching, and sometimes put our hands to our feet. They seemed to understand what was meant by this method of indicating multitude. They wear nothing that we understand by the word clothes. So far as we could ascertain they have no religion. They are practically monogamous, for although a man may have more than one wife, this is not usual; and I have known men of 20 or 30 years of age who were unmarried. A man marries a wife in order to make her work—she is a beast of burden, absolutely. Occasionally the men will go hunting, if they want meat, or will catch fish; but in general all the labor is done by the women, and the gathering of sago is entirely done by them. The men only help to build the huts of the community, to make their canoes, and to fashion their weapons. The women go out early in the morning in the canoes, under the conduct, perhaps, of one or two men, and return in the evening with the sago and firewood they have collected during the day. Meanwhile the men lounge about in the village, waiting for the women to return to feed them.

When we arrived in the country the natives were living in the stone age; they had no iron or metal of any description at all. They used stone axes for cutting. The beautiful carving on some of their weapons was done with bits of shell and pigs' tusks. Each village seemed to possess at least one old man, whose duty was apparently to sharpen their stone axes for them. These implements present very little difference from those which have survived from the stone age in England. When they began to under-

stand the use of our iron axes their sole idea was to possess an axe of that kind. In some instances they were only too ready to give up their stone axes when we gave them an iron axe, which we sometimes did in exchange for a canoe—if it was a very fine canoe.

We did not find the people down by the coast nearly so tractable or companionable as those at the head waters of the river. They were also much more quarrelsome among themselves. They tap a species of sugar palm up the river, and make fermented drink out of it. On this they get fearfully intoxicated, and wild orgies take place all day. Parties of them would go off in canoes and sit under the palms from which the drink was obtained. In the morning they would return extremely drunk, and fights used to be the result. Sometimes these fights lasted for two days at a time. In our vicinity they more often than not took place at night. The natives then made such an indescribable din with their howling and their noises that we could not sleep at our base camp. Spears and showers of arrows were discharged in all directions, and one could hear the sound of their axes dealing blows on the bodies of the combatants. After a time the women would join in the fray, and their shrill voices added to the babel, making the noise greater than ever. When they became involved in the fights they seemed to be worse than the men. The cries were not like sounds emitted by human beings, but rather like the cries of animals. The voices of the men are naturally very loud and harsh.

Yet these people are very musical, and when they sing their voices are most pleasing. They sing part songs beautifully, and they are also very fond of choruses. Some of these choruses are quite rollicking. They have only one instrument—the tom-tom. The singing is confined to the men; I have never heard a woman join in it at all. Moreover, the drum is played only by the men.

I have said that the natives wear no clothing, but this needs to be qualified in the case of widows in mourning. At

such times a woman is very much covered up. She wears elaborate grass clothes, like a long mantle, and has a thing resembling a huge poke bonnet over her head. She also paints her face with yellow ochre. The natives mourn for men but not much for women. At the moment of death a great wailing and screaming is set up, and everybody covers himself with mud. The dead are always buried in the morning about an hour before daylight. During the night the whole village evidently sit up wailing. One would start off in a quavering voice high above all the other voices, and they would keep this up for hours and hours. The dirge or wailing song which they chanted was most impressive during the silence of the night, and the tap, tap, tap of the tom-tom accompanying it added to the effect. About an hour before daylight they would take the body off to bury it, and one heard this wailing with the regular tap, tap, tap of the tom-tom gradually dying away in the distance.

We got to know the natives dwelling close to the mountains very well indeed, and we got on much better with them than with those on the coast; but then we had much more to do with them. The bashfulness and shyness of the former and their children quite disappeared. When we first went among the upper river natives they appeared to be very honest, and they would religiously return to us small articles left outside the tents. This, however, was only deception on their part, I think; because a little later on they developed into arrant thieves. I have known men sometimes to make a dash into our camp, seize something and make off with it.

In their huts they preserved the skulls of their relatives. Dr. Wollaston and I went down another river and visited a very large village where we desired to collect some skulls. It was always rather difficult to establish trade at first; but after the first shyness had worn off we found the natives

only too ready to sell the skulls they had. One woman brought out the skull of a child which she said was her own child, and wished to sell it to us. Presently the whole village street looked like a Golgotha, all the people having put the skulls they owned outside their huts. They did not ask us to buy them, but they evidently hoped we should do so. Every house had three or four skulls set out in front of it. Another time a man brought the skull of his young wife to sell. It struck me as being a particularly gruesome sight, because he stood there for a long time with the skull under his arm. The natives seem to attach no importance to the lives of the women. We once saw a man drowning a woman and rescued her. We got her on to the bank, where she lay for some time before she was sufficiently recovered to get up and crawl away to the village. I could cite other examples to show that this is not an isolated instance of cruelty. Cannibalism is not practised by the Mimika people as a general custom, but enemies killed in warfare are eaten, and I have reason to believe that before our arrival in their country raids on other tribes were frequently made for that purpose. Our presence among them of course put a stop to this to a certain extent.

I have seen numbers of the pygmies, the discovery of whom has been reported in England. We never saw any of their women or children—only their men. They seemed to be extremely stupid people. We used to strike matches in front of them and do other things which we thought might interest them, but they would not look; they turned their heads away. The older men have thick bushy beards. These people have a much lighter colored skin than the lowland natives. Their skin is of a very light brown color. One or two of the younger men we met were strikingly handsome, but one or two of the older men were just the reverse—repulsively ugly.

GREAT AMATEURS.

The late Sir Francis Galton was a strong advocate of the view, which his own investigations did much to support, that heredity is more effectual than environment, or, in his own words, that nature is stronger than nurture. His scheme of tabulating "worthy" families and of assigning "marks" for life-histories involves the principles of a sort of biological aristocracy with which, perhaps, the *Who's Who* of future ages may be in line.

Galton and his hobbies—we use the word for a purpose—are a perfect example of a rather curious tendency in the history of knowledge. The example is rendered all the more instructive by his own personal attitude. Thus, in the actual *Who's Who* of to-day—a compilation which he may have regarded with ironic contemplation in view of his own ideal—this man of science and original thinker did not give himself the style of "investigator," or "student," or "author." The style he chose to wear before the world was that of "private gentleman." Read in connection with the list of achievements which follows, itself manifestly perfunctory, the significance of "private gentleman" is distinctly pointed. And no doubt it was meant to be. Galton, perhaps, might have said that England and the world owe most to their private gentlemen.

Now the tendency of which this particular private gentleman was a notable and brilliant example is this: that new developments, new lines of inquiry, new points of view, come more often from the amateur than from the professional. In the matter of "original contributions" the outsider is dominant over the academician. Generally speaking, the work of the latter may be "sound," but that of the former is "brilliant." It is as if those inside the

ring possessed, like the interior of a circle, no independent capacity of motion, but merely inertia. Only the application of outside forces can produce velocity in the system.

Here is a case in point. The most fruitful hypothesis upon the origin and development of primitive civilization was framed by a historian who had no previous acquaintance with the subject. In the course of an historical inquiry he found it necessary to have a working hypothesis of this evolution as a prolegomenon. The current hypothesis on examination failed to satisfy his judgment. Accordingly he went into the subject himself, and evolved an hypothesis of his own. Examples might be multiplied. But the greatest example, perhaps, of all, is Galton's cousin. Darwin might have styled himself a "country gentleman." *That*—and the fact is more than a coincidence—is just what he looks like in his most characteristic portrait.

It is still interesting to read of the flutter raised in academic and professional dovecotes by the famous paper at the Linnean and by *The Origin of Species*. Here was a new and startling hypothesis claiming to undermine the foundations of established theory. It was the work of an amateur in biology, and it has revolutionized the whole of scientific thought. The critic's last weapon against an original view which does not satisfy his judgment is to suggest that the view is "unsound." Cases have been known where a trained and professed student of a subject was, in military parlance, "broken" on account of an unsound publication. Whether the work was sound or unsound is here not the question. It may be a fact that the fear of imputations of unsoundness and of the practical consequences of such a

charge has deterred men from publication, but it is not likely that many of these carry to the grave the secret of some tremendous discovery. But when the author of an original work is an outsider, an amateur, the adverse critic's last weapon has a second edge. This is a demand for the "qualifications" of the writer.

In the case of Darwin this demand was made at once, and was perpetually repeated. There was no answer (except an appeal to the future) to the plea that his biological qualifications were "unsatisfactory." He had no "training" in zoological or botanical laboratories; he held no degrees of science; he had not even sat for, much less passed, any examinations in the subjects on which he claimed a hearing. On his side it might have been argued that he had studied the subjects for love of them, and had enjoyed the advice and assistance, unprofessionally given, of great authorities. But there was nothing official, nothing to show as formal proof that he was anything more than a "self-taught" man. And to that plea there is a time-honored proverbial counter. Similarly it was a frequent complaint against Napoleon by the generals who failed to defeat him that he knew nothing of the science and art of war, and that he won battles simply by ignorance and by breaking the rules. There is, of course, much to be said for this plea. Hypotheses must be tested. But the danger is that professional inertia, the excess, that is, of caution over imagination, may clip the wings of truth, which, as Mill long ago observed, has no mystic inherent power to command success.

What is the secret of this prepotency of the amateur? Is it merely that, as compared with the professional, he enjoys "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility"? In crude terms, does he owe his force to his "independent means"? Yet one often

hears amateurs of some sport regret the absence of the stimulus of "the battle for food." Ultimately, of course, the presence or absence of a material choregia has only a secondary importance. But has the amateur nothing else to lose? There are amateurs and amateurs, and the multitude of cranks is large. The amateur's character for sense and intelligence is always at stake. Complex though it is, his "mechanical advantage" is composed of moral and intellectual elements. We may take it that his energy—a quality, by the way, which Galton was fond of placing first in his lists of merit—is not blunted by routine and that his enthusiasm is not damped by secondary anxieties. He has, above all, the advantage of coming fresh to his subject; of approaching it with a full measure of that wonder, curiosity tinged with reverence, which is the key to understanding. Something of this was in the mind of Plato—himself proud of his "amateur definition"—throughout his favorite topic. For him, knowledge was a form of love. It was not without irony that he represented the ideal ruler as loth to be dragged back into the Cave to do his share of governing the Cave Men. The onlooker sees most of the game, and the onlooker who comes to it fresh is a potential lover. Cases are not unknown of suggestions, pregnant with possibilities, resulting from the fresh vision of outer eyes. The case of the amateur turned professional is really a corroboration of the point. A man like Luther Burbank, who as a child preferred flowers to toys and nursed a cactus, remains an amateur to the end, though he may incidentally have become the greatest plant-breeder in the world.

The acquaintance thus begun between the amateur, the "lover," and his subject, his "beloved object," is continued "with love," as it began "for love." At a great age Darwin wrote about

flowers, Galton created a new science, Dr. Wallace sees a new vision of the world—each with the sincerity and abandon of a child, with the devotion and worship of an ideal lover. Psychology has made a great deal out of the impulse of "play" since Schiller wrote that man is only completely man when he is playing. On this freedom of the soul the greatest achievements depend.

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In some such way we conceive the relation of the amateur to the play which he makes the work of his life. It serves to illustrate Galton's belief in the preponderance of "nature," just as he himself and his great contributions to knowledge, in meteorology, psychology, anthropology, and genetics, illustrate our debt to the amateur.

ON WEATHER LORE.

"Changement de temps, entretien de sots," says a French proverb. To us it seems the proverb that is foolish. There is an extraordinary dignity, for instance, in the rustic weather lore of old-fashioned village people, coming down from days without newspapers, without the modern hurry and bustle, with little knowledge of the outside world, when men's interests were, perforce, centred in the natural operations going on around them, and the great framework in which they were set, which last, as each time the earth went round the sun, was enriched by its association with the events and persons of a supernatural year. How restful are the old saws and proverbs of the weather, now everywhere dying out, once continually on the lips of country people, the garnered wisdom of centuries of observant toil! These rustic proverbs have been repeated for centuries, and nobody knows how old they are, or who made them. Talking about the weather seems a broadly human recreation, suited to days of a large leisure, like attending funerals, playing old-fashioned whist, or drinking hot elderberry wine.

The story of St. Swithin is a bit of saintly weather lore still universally known in England. It belongs to a time when everybody knew the

dates of the saints' days. The old rhyming weather proverbs still extant speak of Candlemass, of St. Paul, of St. James, of St. Barthlemy. Everyone talked familiarly of these days. In Russia, no doubt, the Moujik still reminds his wife of the severe trouble her slanderous tongue got her into last Three Holy Children, and she retorts by mentioning his fall from a ladder while under the influence of vodka two years comes Elias the Prophet. It is well known that in Russia the number of holidays is positively scandalous. The Eastern Church, moreover, commemorates the saints of the Old Law as well as of the New. *Quam magna est domus!* In England the memory of saints' days, else forgotten, is still occasionally kept alive by weather rhymes.

The first bit of weather lore we ever remember to have heard is:—

As the days lengthen
The cold strengthens.

or, in a version rhyming more correctly:—

As the days begin to lengthen
Then the cold begins to strengthen.

All January weather rhymes insist on the cold of the lengthening days after Christmas. Keats's picture of that St. Agnes' Eve, when it was so "bit-

ter chill" that "the owl for all his feathers was a-cold," may have been influenced by these old sayings. The Old Style St. Agnes' Eve would be the last day of January. The weather rhymes are all in favor of the early months of the year being cold. If they are not, we shall suffer for it afterwards. There is one that says

If the grass grows green in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for it all the year.

and another muses:—

March in Janiveer,
Janiveer in March, I fear;

"I remember when the old people always called it Janiveer," an old body told the writer the other day. "A warm January a cold May" is to the same effect, and, once more:—

Who doffs his coat on a winter day,
Will gladly put it on in May.

The first three months of the year are the time when cold weather is expected, and may be cheerfully endured. French proverbs tell the same tale: "*Si février est chaud, Pâques aura froidure,*" and again, "*Quand mars fait avril, avril fait mars.*" With good luck, the worst of winter may be done with by St. Vincent, but, on the other hand, it may then set in with renewed severity. The old time St. Vincent's Day would be at the beginning of February. "*A la St. Vincent l'hiver se repend ou se rompt les dents.*" The people who made such saying as this last knew well the deadly grip and bite of winter. It was indeed a wolf at poor men's doors.

According to a rhyme we heard an old lady quote a week or two ago, a prophetic character seems to have been attributed to St. Paul's Day. It runs:—

If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
That betides a happy year.
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble us full oft.

And if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.

The writer looks out from his window on a great and splendid church. Few things must have so much impressed our forefathers as the sight of such a church, filled from end to end in the frosty February morning with the twinkling lights of Candlemass Day. This feast is one of the great dividing lines in weather lore.

If Candlemass Day be fine and clear,
We shall have winter half the year.
If Candlemass Day be wet and foul,
The half of winter's gone at Yule.

Another adage says:—

If the wind's in the East on Candlemass Day,
There it will stick till the second of May.

"February Fill-Dyke," by the way, always strikes us as a descriptive phrase, beautiful in its acquiescent tranquillity.

"March Many-Weathers," again, comes from days when everything was personified. March is one of the earliest months to think of as a person: one sees her shaken locks, her brown young brow, her sea-blue eyes. She dances; she is in a red cloak; the laughter of new life is in her whirling gusts. March is the month of wind and sunshine; if she fails to give us these the coming months must pay:—

As many mists in March you see,
So many frosts in May will be.

The March proverbs are full of the joy of living, and the goodness of her keen, shrill winds. "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

March winds, April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.

They delight in her quick changes, her coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, her irresponsible gaiety. "Marzo matto" Tuscans say.

"Lent" means spring, and a Lent

proverb may be put down here. It sounds as old as Chaucer:—

If the sun shine on Shrove Tuesday,
It shines each day in Lent, men say.

The budding of the trees was thought to be an index of the coming year. The following is a very prosaic version of the saying about the oak and the ash known to everybody:—

If the Oak's before the Ash,
The farmer's pockets are full of cash.
If the Ash is before the Oak,
The farmer's hopes will end in smoke.

The good time begins in April, when winter's ruins and rains are over, and all the season of snows and sins. Now it is right to expect sunshine. There is a time for everything under the sun, but frost and cold are unseasonable now, and mean harm. "Fogs in April, floods in June." Again, they say in France:—

Gelée d'avril ou de mai
Misère nous prédit, au vrai.

But when things go well there is no praise too great for the sun and dew of April and of May. "Rosée de mai vaut chariot de rol." The folk-lore of all Christian lands, by the way, is full of the sacredness of the rain falling on Ascension Day.

The French equivalents of our St. Swithin are St. Médard and St. Protais. Both of these occur in June, St. Médard on the eighth, St. Protais on the nineteenth:

S'il pleut le jour de St. Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard,
S'il pleut le jour de St. Protais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.

All over Europe there are sayings which note, with a certain healthy pleasure, the storms of a fine summer, and the times when they may be looked for. "San Giovanni e San Pietro, gran mercanti di grandine" is from the Italian Lakes. Still, in spite

of hail or thunder, "juin bien fleuri, vrai Paradis."

In our West Country they say that the rain on St. Swithin's Day "christens the apples." The forty days of rain are from St. Swithin to St. Bartholomew, July 15th to August 24th. The rhyme tells us:

As many tears as St. Swithin can cry,
St. Barthlemy's mantle shall wipe them dry.

Long days of hot sunshine with brief thunderstorms are looked for from a well-conducted July. "Juillet ensoleillé et en grand tonnerre remplit cave et grenier." Another saying is:—

If the first of July be rainy weather,
It will rain more or less for four weeks together.

The fate of the year is not decided till late in July:

Till St. James's Day be past and gone,
There may be hope or there may be none.

St. Bartholomew, again, is a decisive date.

If St. Barthlemy's Day be fair and clear

Hope for a prosperous autumn that year.

A French August proverb says:

Quand il pleut en Août,
Il pleut miel et bon mout.

After harvest, the weather proverbs become few and far between. The peasant's interest in the year is practical, not æsthetic, and when once all is safely gathered in he has no longer the same motive for watching the weather and its changes. There is always the same dislike to unseasonable things. So we hear:

Winter thunder,
Poor man's hunger.

or, again:—

If there's ice in November to carry a duck,

There'll be nothing after but sludge
and muck.

or, once more:—

A green Christmas, a white Easter.
The Nation.

For the peasant holds that there is a
season and a time to every purpose un-
der the heaven, and that of its kind
and in its season everything is good.

THE STOLYPIN COUP D'ETAT.

There can be no mistaking the gravity from every point of view, constitutional, national, and international, of the Act of State by which the Tsar has decided in favor of the Premiership of M. Stolypin. We have no intention of passing any fixed judgment upon that act. But it deserves to be studied in almost every aspect, as evidently one of the most far-reaching measures conceivable on the part of the Sovereign of the Russian Empire. We shall endeavor to represent with impartiality as well as accuracy the principal features of the great controversy. Never, it may be said, has a monarch intervened more dramatically and more decisively for a Minister than Nicholas II has intervened for M. Stolypin. But yesterday the legislative measure which constitutes the Minister's most vital ambition at the moment had been rejected by an overwhelming majority of the Senate or Upper House of the Russian Legislature; and the Minister himself was a suppliant to his Sovereign for permission to resign. To-day M. Stolypin is more than ever the Prime Minister of Russia, his rejected project of law is legalized and applied by Imperial order, and the leaders of the successful opposition in the Senate have received a contemptuous "leave of absence for nine months," practically equivalent to their expulsion from the Senate for a prolonged period. To prevent even a protest from the opponents of M. Stolypin in the Duma, that representative assembly of the Russian electorate has been suspended for a number

of days required to bring into execution the Stolypin law over their heads and without their concurrence. "Russia has no longer a Parliament nor a Constitution," said the President of the Duma, as he read with emotion the Imperial Order. We only register the indignant outburst of the sorrowing dignitary. We shall understand more exactly later the true scope of his declaration. At any rate the Imperial Will has declared itself at the expense of everything which was in the way of M. Stolypin, and the First Act of the Parliamentary drama has come to an end.

There is good reason, we must remember, for the Tsar's devotion to M. Stolypin, for the Empress Marie's appeal to him to withdraw his resignation of a premiership which has been illustrated by such immense services to monarch and monarchy. M. Stolypin has been called the conqueror of the Russian Revolution. We are afraid that in the twentieth century revolutions, even in countries more equably constituted than Russia, continue to require a good deal of watching even after they have been annihilated. Nor is Russia likely to be able to dispense with very careful observation and very careful handling for a long time to come. But the fact remains that M. Stolypin accepted the Premiership when the revolutionary violence was at its worst, and that he has not only driven violence under the surface, but he has introduced and largely established measures of conservative recuperation and orderly development which

do the very highest credit to his statesmanship as well as to his resolution and courage. Recognizing, as many of the highest minds of Russia had recognized, the impossibility of developing personal initiative and progress under the semi-socialist system of the village commune, he established a great plan for converting the village joint-holders into peasant owners. He has made the reorganization of the army, shattered after Manchuria, a primary object of his policy; and his financial administration has supplied the army reformers with the means for the great success which every military critic must admit to-day. He has led the Duma from the verge of revolutionary excess and failure to the comparative dignity which it has maintained of late. His friends declare that he is "as Liberal as possible" under an autocracy indispensable to Russia. The Poles and the Jews accuse him of compassing their destruction by roundabout methods more efficient than the rude despotism of his ultra-Muscovite predecessors. He has convinced his Imperial master that the authority of the Crown is not only safe in his hands, but the supreme object of his policy.

There can be no doubt that M. Stolypin already deserves the name of a great Russian statesman. Still the fact is patent that he has brought the whole governing system of Russia into a condition of crisis, which may justify itself by success, but which is grave and menacing in many respects. He is a Nationalist Russian. That is his pride and his power. Need Russian Nationalism involve the systematic oppression of other nationalities within the Russian Empire? We merely note the difficulty. He has almost fallen, and he has risen anew, on a Nationalist question. Desirous of introducing the Russian system of local government into the Western pro-

vinces of Russia, which were formerly Eastern provinces of Poland, he found their population Russians in the lower classes and Poles in the higher, including the owners of land. Zemstvos on the usual lines would place their administration in Polish hands. He brought in a Law, or as we say a Bill, for giving separate representation to the Russian masses and separate representation to the Polish upper classes, which set race against race to the advantage of the orthodox Muscovites. He provoked a double opposition. Ultra Russians wanted no representation of Poles at all. Poles and Liberals protested against discriminating treatment of any kind, and asked why the peasantry should be roused against the proprietors in Polish districts more than Russian ones. The Bill barely got through the Duma. In the Senate the coalition of the opponents who said it went too far one way, with the opponents who said it went too far another way, ensured its rejection by an overwhelming vote. M. Stolypin offered his resignation to a Sovereign who knew of no possible substitute, and, in reply to the entreaties of the entire Imperial Family, sternly named his conditions.

We know M. Stolypin's conditions from their fulfilment. The Duma was prorogued by the Tsar for four days, so as to bring into operation a clause of the Constitution which enables the Tsar to pass Laws when the Duma is not sitting. MM. Trepoff and Durnovo, the heads of the Conservative opposition to the Zemstvo Bill—men of devoted loyalty who stood by the monarchy in the blackest days of the Revolution—have been suspended from their places in the Upper Chamber. What is the impression or opinion? It is felt universally that the prorogation of the Duma under such circumstances is equivalent to a declaration that the Duma has no real

rights of legislation. The punishment of two distinguished members of the Senate for having exercised their legal right to vote in the Senate, amounts to a prohibition of the Senate's right to an independent existence at all. Would it not have been wiser, as well as more constitutional and legal, to reintroduce the Bill in the Duma with an Imperial Message urging its acceptance? Neither Senate nor Duma would have proved recalcitrant, even though they might have suggested amendments for the Imperial consideration. It is inevitable that both the persons of the Tsar and the Minister come under general criticism in the actual course which has been recommended by the Premier and executed by the Crown. The personal punishment of the senatorial votes of distin-

The Outlook.

guished Senators is also resented as a petty humiliation of political opponents. To suspend the Duma is resented as equivalent to the disfranchisement of the Duma. The President of the Representative Chamber has flung down his office, in indignant sympathy with the affronted Assembly. The Western Provinces have not had any sort of Zemstvos since the Flood. Many dispassionate observers ask whether they might not have waited even a year or two longer in their immemorial condition, rather than outrage both Houses of the Imperial Parliament together. There are victories which are too dearly purchased. Has M. Stolypin achieved such a triumph? He has brought the Tsardom into political debate.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To be scientific without being technical and to be practical without being too elementary is the aim of Mr. A. D. Hall's "The Feeding of Crops and Stock" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It considers the composition of the regular field and garden crops, the fertility and proper treatment of the soil, the utilization of the crops in the feeding of animals, commercial foodstuffs, the use of fertilizers, and the chemistry of dairy products. The author's experience has been gained at the Rothamsted Experimental Station in England, of which he is Director, and his work is adapted to the needs of practical farmers quite as much as to the use of students of agriculture. There are twenty or more illustrations.

Jeanette Marks's new volume, "The End of a Song," is in the same vein as "Through Welsh Doorways," but adds to the picturesqueness, pathos and

quaint humor of the earlier sketches the interest of continuous narrative. The song is sung in old Nan Roberts's high, lilting voice at a village concert for the benefit of Mair Morris's twelve orphans—"grand babies"—and two of the twelve play important parts in bringing the very satisfactory end. The village characters are a delightful group—Will Morris, the forlorn father, Mrs. Jenkins the Inn, Mrs. Morgan the Shop, Mr. and Mrs. Coach, and Mrs. Glyn, the baker's bride, who through all her young life has not "neglected one single mood or tense of the conjugation of the verb *cave*." But Miss Marks's finest work is done in the portrayal of Shon Roberts, Nan's loving, devoted, soft-hearted, penurious old husband. To have united the diverse traits and made a real man, not the simple caricature so often found in fiction, is a genuine triumph. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The twelfth and final volume of "The Works of James Buchanan," edited by John Bassett Moore, and published in a limited edition by J. B. Lippincott Company, is, in a way, the most interesting of all, for it is wholly biographical or autobiographical. A large part of it is taken up with Mr. Buchanan's own account and defence of his administration "on the eve of the rebellion," published by him soon after the close of the war, at a time when he felt himself the subject of unjust aspersions. This personal narrative deals only with public events and public papers and includes no private correspondence. It affords the reader an opportunity to see just how the incidents which led up to the civil war presented themselves to Mr. Buchanan himself. Of less importance, though not without interest, is an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Buchanan's earlier career, and a brief biographical sketch by his secretary and nephew, Mr. James Buchanan Henry.

The publication of Sir Frederick Treves's "The Cradle of the Deep," in a new and popular edition, puts this vivid and diverting narrative of West Indian travel within the easy reach of the average reader. History, adventure, tales of pirates and buccaneers and first-hand sketches of the various West Indian islands as they are to-day combine to make a book which has no dull page in it. The first edition of the book was published only two years ago, and the author's observations come down to a date later than the Kingston earthquake. The West Indies are increasingly a lure for the beguilement of American travellers; and henceforth no one who takes one of the many tempting cruises among them, on rest or pleasure bent, should fail to carry with him this comprehensive and

up-to-date narrative by a traveller who knows both how to see and how to describe. There are 54 illustrations from photographs and four maps. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The many readers whose knowledge of Russian fiction is limited to some acquaintance with Tolstoi, and perhaps a little knowledge of Turgenev and Gogol, will find Professor William Lyon Phelps's "Essays on Russian Novelists" a guide into hitherto unrecognized realms. If they do not, even after accepting Professor Phelps's guidance and reading the books to which he directs their attention, altogether adopt his dictum that "Russian fiction is like German music, the best in the world," they will at least have possessed themselves not only of certain really great literary creations but of marvelously vivid portrayals of Russian life and character and social and political conditions. For it is chiefly with his own country and people that each of the great Russian novelists concerns himself. He has indeed no need to go far afield for tragedies of the deepest poignancy or for events of the swiftest dramatic sequence. Lovers of gentle and pleasant tales may as well hold aloof from the Russian novelists,—Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybashev, Andreev and Kuprin—of whom Professor Phelps writes in these essays: they will find them too sombre and too intense in their realism. But it would be difficult to find a book which, within equal compass, furnishes the reader who wishes to know Russian fiction as it really is, a more sympathetic and satisfactory guide. A complete list of the publications of the nine authors who form the subjects of the essays is given at the close of the book. The Macmillan Company.